



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

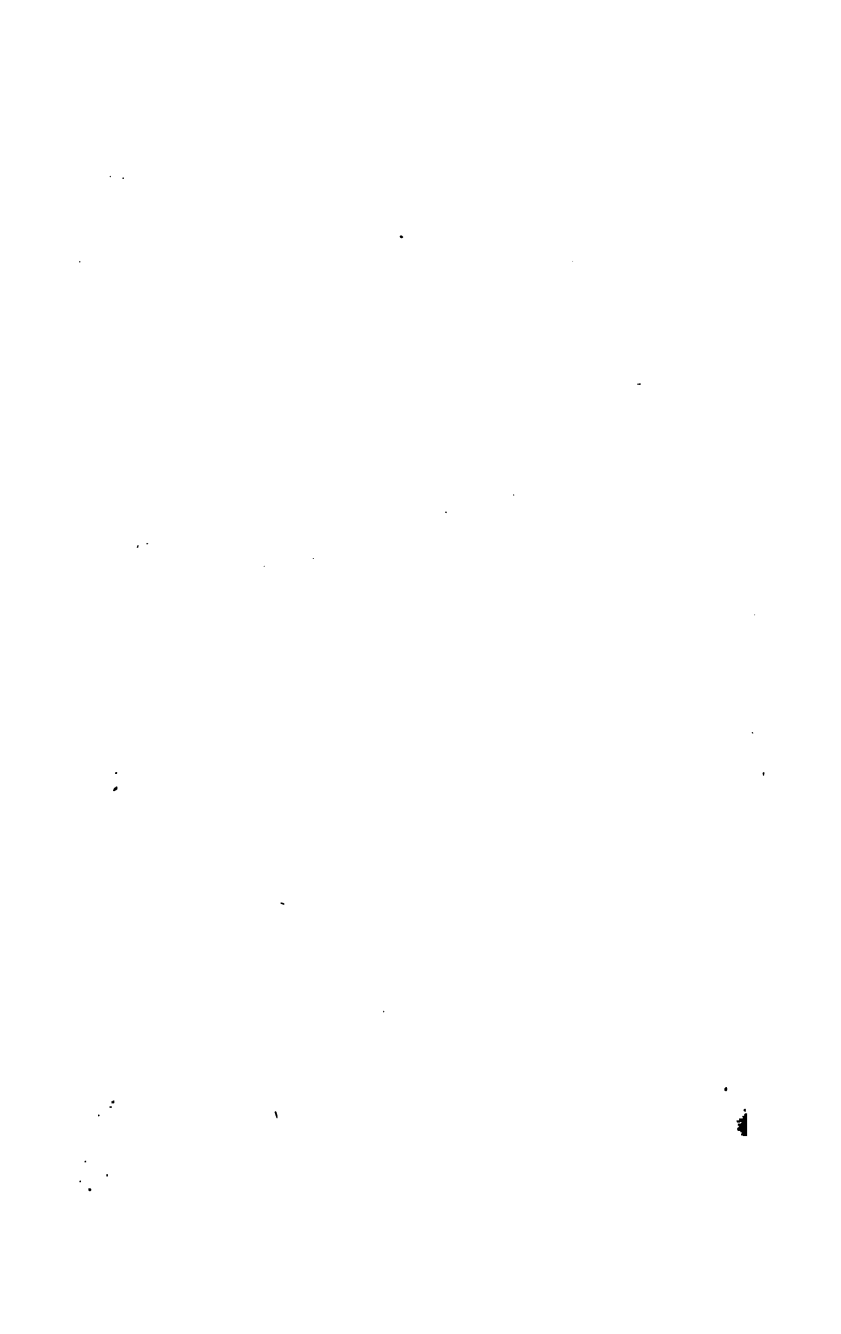
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

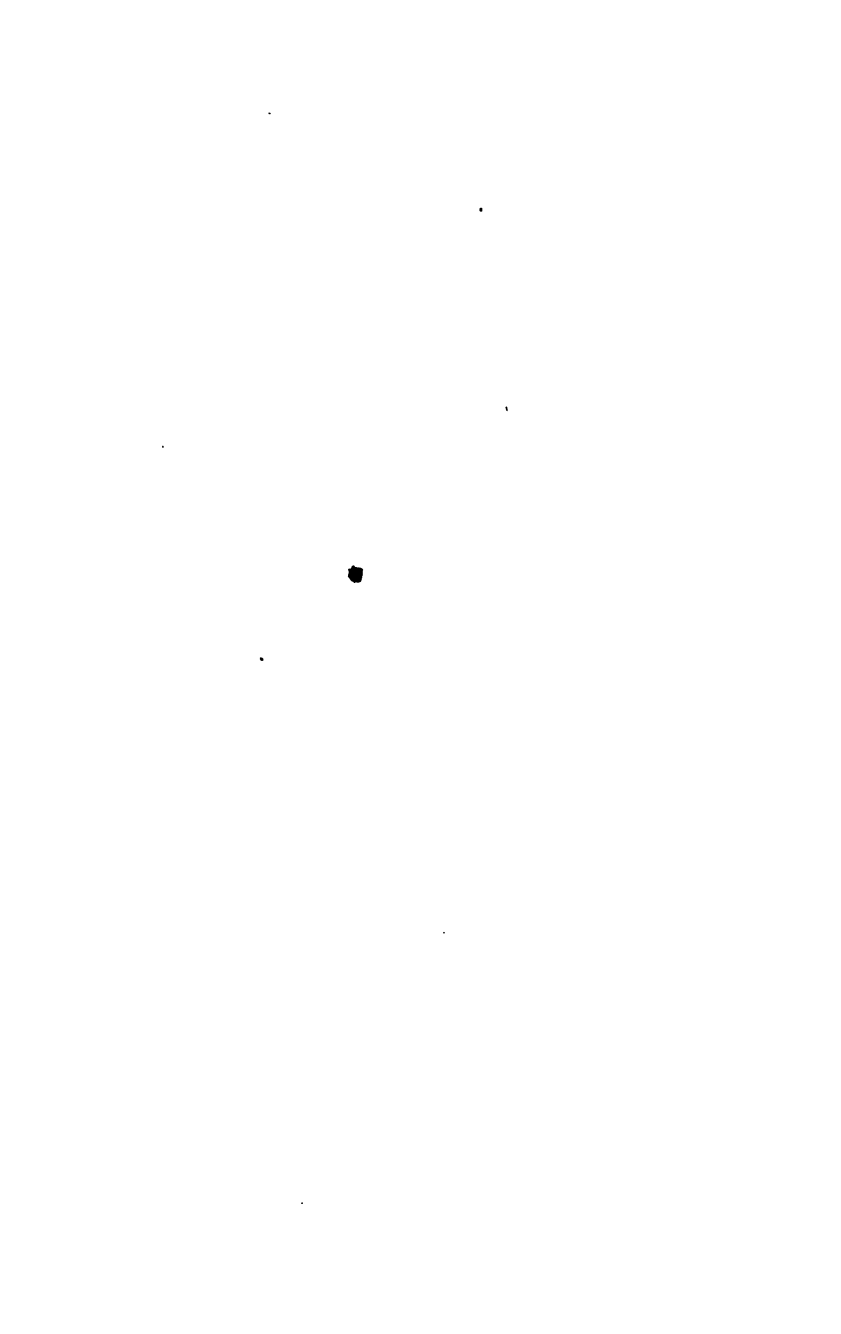
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THE  
IRISH WIDOW.











The Widow Desmond rescuing her child.

*See Page 111.*

# THE VISION

THE

THE

THE

THE





# THE IRISH WIDOW;

OR,

A Picture from Life

OF

ERIN AND HER CHILDREN.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "POOR PADDY'S CABIN."

---

"A FATHER OF THE FATHERLESS, AND A JUDGE OF THE WIDOWS, IS  
GOD IN HIS HOLY HABITATION."—Ps. lxxviii. 5.

---

LONDON:

WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,

24, PATERNOSTER-BOW.

1855.




**LONDON :**  
**WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,**  
**24, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.**

## PREFACE.

---

IN laying before the public this his "Picture from Life of Erin and her Children," the Author feels bound to acknowledge that the undertaking was suggested by the favour with which his former Portrait has been regarded, as shown by the fact of four editions of "Poor Paddy's Cabin," amounting to many thousand copies, having been called for in little more than twelve months, besides very favourable notices by a large number of the public press.

In addition to original facts and anecdotes, he trusts it will be found to exhibit a new and interesting picture of Erin and her children, in a story that displays the shrewd, lively, and warm-hearted native qualities of his fellow-countrymen and countrywomen.



The scene is opened among a *higher* (the *middle*) class of his country people than in "Poor Paddy's Cabin," and exhibits the peculiar causes of *their* enslavement, as well as the lovely influence of truth upon them in some instances.

Presuming that a large majority of his readers will have perused "Poor Paddy's Cabin," he would beg to refer them to the remarks in the prefaces, as bearing in a general way upon the present work. As in the former, it has been his scrupulous aim to direct his censures against *systems*, not against persons; and so to expose what is wrong, that, should individuals take it to themselves, it should be without the offensive feeling that they are at all held up to the gaze of others. With this view, "the names by which living persons may be designated are, in every instance, fictitious, and those of localities in almost every case."

During the course of writing this work, it occurred to him to *analyze* the principles on which that inimitable, real-life parable, "The Pilgrim's Progress," is constructed. They were found to consist in the characters introduced being always, faithfully and graphically, made to speak or do such things as the persons intended either *would*,

or *ought*, to say or do under the circumstances. And it encouraged him not a little to find that he was himself endeavouring to carry out this very principle as to his own country, which John Bunyan had adopted, respecting the general Christian world; with, perhaps, this difference, that he is able in many instances to state what actually *was* said or done by certain characters in Ireland, under specific knowledge and information. And having been told that some of his English readers, though pleased with "Poor Paddy's Cabin," had imagined that many of his real facts (probably from their strange character) were got up for the purpose of the story, he has in the present work adopted the plan of putting a note at foot of the page to guard them against such mistakes. At the same time, he would not have them suppose that where such notes are omitted, the things stated are not facts, in the *secondary* sense in which those adduced by Mrs. Stowe and John Bunyan may be so considered, namely,—as faithful delineations and counterparts of what really exists and is taking place.

He begs again to avow it to be a main and leading object with him, as in "Poor Paddy's Cabin," "to exhibit *in a parable*, a just and true

view of what the gracious dealings of the Almighty *always are*, and what the faith and conduct of real Christians *ought to be*, in pursuing the path of duty, however painful the immediate consequences—however seemingly hopeless the result—due reference being had to a future world. That such real Christians *are* and *have been*, he has no doubt, and as little does he entertain that all would be such, and with similar results, *if all were governed by that simple, childlike (and prayerful) regard and deep reverence for the Word of God, which he has endeavoured to exemplify*,” in some of the characters introduced in his “Picture from life of Erin and her children.”

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

---

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. An <i>un</i> -Irish Welcome . . . .	1
II. A Priest's Pastoral Visit . . . .	8
III. An Unwilling Persecutor . . . .	18
IV. The Influence of Example . . . .	24
V. The Public Meeting . . . .	34
VI. The Farm-house . . . .	47
VII. An Honest Inquirer . . . .	51
VIII. The Family Mansion . . . .	63
IX. The Evil Consequences of a Run-away Match . . . .	71
X. A Strange, but True Story . . . .	78
XI. A Fatal Mistake . . . .	83
XII. The Turning Out . . . .	93
XIII. The Rescue . . . .	101
XIV. The Funeral . . . .	118
XV. A Scene in a London Police-court .	126
XVI. The Fruits of an " <i>Irish Church Mis-</i> <i>sions</i> " Sermon . . . .	132
XVII. A Happy Re-union . . . .	144
XVIII. Priests and Landlords . . . .	148
XIX. "Found after many days" . . . .	165
XX. A Family Movement . . . .	180
XXI. Dead and Living . . . .	188
XXII. The Conclusion . . . .	193



# **ERRATUM.**

**Page 10, line 11, *for* " Mary," read " Margaret."**

**Page 85, line 20, *for* " 200,000," read " 100,000."**

**Page 182, line 4 from bottom, *for* " waiter," read " servant."**

## CHAPTER I.

### AN UN-IRISH WELCOME.

"THE Lord be with my dear girleen and Tom," said James O'Connor to his daughter, as they returned towards their home after Tom Sheehans and Maureen's departure for America. "All I'm sorry for, Eileen,\* is that your mother Biddy wasn't at the wedding.† No doubt she must have the heart of a stone if she wasn't plased. And the fine words that Parson Wilkins said, when he held up his hands over 'em and bless'd 'em,—'God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve, and keep you;' and the rest of it. Sure I never was in a church before, and I never thought they had such fine words there. I tell you, Eileen, 'tis a pity all of us don't just go in once in our lives to hear how they goes on. I think then we'd all soon be of one religion, for I see all is done in the name of the one true God—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; aye, and I noticed, too, how they have the name of our blessed Saviour, glory to him, at the end of every one of their prayers."

"Oh, father, that's what Cousin Maureen was

\* The Irish word for *Ellen*.

† See "Poor Paddy's Cabin," p. 225, fourth edition.

speaking about to me. She said 'twas dreadful how we're all kept in darkness about what goes on in church. But,' says she, 'the Priests know very well we'd like it if we once heard it, and so they make it a mortal sin to go in at all.' Sure, since I was a little wee thing, the height of my mammy's knees, she used to frighten me agen the Protestants making me think they were following the devil, and reading the devil's book. Ah, my poor mammy, she's so bitter on the thing still, she never will let me read or repate one single verse of the Bible for her ;—but see now there, she's coming to meet us,—she wished us bad luck when we went to the wedding, and I'm afeerd she'll have no welcome for us a comin home."

"Well, Eileen, asthore, let us remember how long God bore with us when we knew no better, and why wouldn't we bear with your poor mammy? Besides, I don't blame her so much as I do John Dempsy, my stepson; oh, 'tis he that's always raisin her agen us, and threatnin to tell the Priest; and what's more, I heerd that the widow Desmond and that wicked brother of hers, William Doherty, told your mammy, that if we go to church we sha'n't remain in the cabin we have on her land,—but see, there's the widow Desmond herself and her brother in the house,—I'm afeerd they're on something that's bad."

"Oh then! oh then! ain't I to be pitied," exclaimed Biddy O'Connor, as she came to meet her husband and daughter, wringing her hands in the same wild manner in which she had wept at poor Paddy's bedside, when she thought he would die without the Priest. "There 'tis reported ye went to church with them

heretic jumpers. Bad luck to you a coming back, as ye had bad luck to go at all. Sure, we're all shamed about the country. And the landlord is 'a'fther threatenin to take the farm from Mrs. Desmond, for lettin the likes of ye be on his land at all; and what will become of us all then?"

"The landlord!" exclaimed James O'Connor; "is it he to do it, and he to be a good Protestant?"

"You foolish man," replied Biddy, "didn't you hear that the property was sould in the *cumbered* court, and that Mr. Rylan, that good Catholic gentleman, have bought it; and he says he won't lave a souper on it."

"That's bad news for me," said James, looking mournfully at his daughter, as they encountered at the door of the cabin the angry looks and flushed faces of the Widow Desmond and her brother, who had just been holding forth in angry tones before their arrival, against all the family, for endangering her possession of the farm, by admitting the heresy of the soupers among them.

They both opened upon poor James and Eileen with such a volley of abuse,—the wife adding a hearty amen to every imprecation, that it was some time before they could get a pause for a word in reply. At length poor James, lowering his voice to such a gentle murmur as seemed to bind them to silence in a sort of wonder at the contrast to their own, and in an effort to catch what it could be that was so gently expressed,—said,

"Ah, Mrs. Desmond, if you knew how the case was, I'm sure you'd have no blame to me, nor to my

little girl Eileen nather. She'll tell you her own story ; but I can tell you, I was myself more bittier than any of ye agen soupers and jumpers and the like ; but the time Paddy was dying, when I and Biddy there went to make him have the Priest, poor Paddy and Maureen spoke so fine about the sweet Saviour, glory to him, my heart warmed up to all the beautiful things they said ; and as for Maureen (and sure, she's the very picture of my own colleen Eileen there), the time she put her arms about my neck and said, ' 'Twould break her heart to miss her dear Uncle Jim in heaven, and that she'd never stop prayin for me till I'd put my trust in the dear Saviour, and love Him," I looked at the dear crature, to see was it herself or an angel was there ; and indeed something told me, in my breast within, that the likes of her and Paddy would never go to the bad place,—in thruth, it was for myself I was afeerd that may be I'd go there. I was ashamed of myself, *that* I was, to say any more agen 'em, and I wondtherd how the Priest could be so agen 'em, and that 'twould be well for him if he was like 'em ; and that it is long before his taching would make us like 'em—God help us. I said I'd look into the thing, and get *the book* that had all them heavenly things in it—and here it is (taking a small Bible out of his pocket), and I'm quite sure that if ye'll read it, ye'll say I and my colleen are right to do as we did,—to lave them that keeps us from this heavenly book, and follow them that taches nothing but what's between the two covers of it, all about the dear Saviour and his love for poor sinners like us."

Observing that the Widow Desmond looked with unexpected kindness on him, and then held down her head in silence, James continued—

“And now, Mrs. Desmond dear, pardon a poor man like me for making so bould as to say, ’tis *you* that ought to look into this yourself. Sure, ’tisn’t well to be *all o’ one side like the handle of a jug*; but to hear both sides of the story as we say in Irish. Oh, ’tis ten thousand pities to have a fine comely woman like you such a slave to Priests, and above all, to have your fine flock of children brought up in what may ruin their souls, and to have ’em ignorant of those ‘holy Scriptures that are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith in Jesus Christ;’ and that St. Paul says young Timothy knew ’em from a child (reading 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16). Sure, Paddy and Maureen showed me and Eileen this and many a thing besides afore we parted.”

Mrs. Desmond made no reply.

At the beginning of James’ defence, William Doherty, the Widow Desmond’s brother, appeared flushed with anger, and scarce able to abstain from renewing his open abuse and railings; but when James came to describe Maureen’s influence over him at the sick-bed scene, and adverted to her likeness to her cousin Eileen, William was seen to fix his eyes upon the latter, as with animated interest she hung upon her father’s lips,—and a moment or two after he tapped her on the shoulder and said, “Miss O’Connor, would you be pleased to walk out upon the road with me a bit?”

Eileen at once complied, not wishing to disoblige one who was somewhat above her in rank, and who had it in his power to serve or injure their family, though with evident and painful reluctance at not being allowed to hear the end of her father's defence.

When outside on the road, he said, "Don't have any doubt, Miss O'Connor, but I have great compassion for you and your father, and I'll do what I can to save you from being turned out; but there's no use in talking; ye must all give up them Bibles and them soupers; for if my sister doesn't turn ye out, she'll be turned out herself; and *there's no man but will put another between himself and the fire.*"

"Well," she replied, her eyes filling with tears, "be sure, Mr. Doherty, 'twould go to my father's heart and mine to have any bad happen to Mrs. Desmond, or any one belonging to her; but you ought to know we can't go agen our dear Saviour for any one. He says, 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny before my Father and the holy angels.' Ah, Mr. Doherty, no one that believes, as daddy and I do, that our dear Saviour was born for us, and lived for us, and died for us, and now lives in heaven to hear our prayers and confessions, and forgive us all our sins, and will come again to take us to heaven, no one that believes this will thrate Him that way. He deserves better nor that from poor sinners like us."

Just at this moment the widow Desmond, who had left the cabin rather abruptly, overtook them on the road. She had got close behind them unobserved as

they walked slowly along, and had overheard the latter part of Eileen's reply to her brother. She pulled the latter by the arm, and giving rather a kind look at Eileen she said, "Come home, William. I'm afraid these people are too stedfast for us to change them."



## CHAPTER II.

### A PRIEST'S PASTORAL VISIT.

As the widow Desmond was overseeing the harvest work on her farm, and was now and then pointing the attention of her workmen to some passages in a Douay Bible which she had obtained just after her last interview with James O'Connor and Eileen, one of her children came in breathless haste to tell her that the Priest was waiting for her at the house, and wanted to see her about very particular business. She seemed pale and agitated for a few moments, and was about to put up the Bible into her pocket ; but, as if struck with the thought of the bad effect of this on the poor workmen, she turned towards the house, saying out aloud, as if to herself, " Oh, I mustn't be ashamed of the Word of God," pressing both her hands on the Bible as if to show her value for it, and carrying it openly in her hand.

After the usual deeply respectful salutations to his Reverence, whose naturally mild and placid countenance seemed agitated with something of dark and sullen feeling, and who scarcely returned her salute, the Priest said—

" Mrs. Desmond, what is the reason you did not come to confession the last time ? and I hav'n't seen you at mass these last two Sundays."

"Well, your Reverence, perhaps I did wrong in giving it up so suddenly—perhaps I ought—but—I may as well tell the truth at once—I can't go to confession or to mass any more."

"Mrs. Desmond," exclaimed he with vehemence, "you must be out of your mind, or you wouldn't dare to say such a thing. I always boasted of you and your late husband as the best Catholics in the parish. Oh, woman! don't let the devil lead you astray that way."

"Well, your Reverence, here is our own Bible (holding it open), and I don't find confession to a Priest in it at all—only confession to God, as here it is in the 31st Psalm: \* 'I have acknowledged my sin unto thee, and my injustice I have not concealed; I said, I will confess against myself my injustice to the Lord; and thou hast forgiven the wickedness of my sin.'"

"Oh," said the Priest, "you have no right to take that to yourself; that was only for holy David the Psalmist, and not for you."

"Will your Reverence be pleased, then, to explain to me the next verse, 'For this shall *every one that is holy* pray unto thee in a seasonable time.' Now, your Reverence, as we must all be holy before we are fit to go before God, sure we must all confess to God so, and do the same as David did."

"Come to chapel, Mrs. Desmond, next Sunday," said the Priest, in a mild tone, "and I'll explain all that in my sermon."

"Explain it now to me, your Reverence, if you

\* The same as the Protestant 32d Psalm.

please ; for I tell your Reverence plainly, I can't go to chapel any more. My conscience tells me 'twould be a dreadful sin for me to go."

"How do you make that out, Mrs. Desmond? Oh, 'tis a shame for you to offend God's priest as you do."

"If I said or did anything that ought to offend your Reverence, then I'd confess *to you*—then I'd tell *you* my fault against you, and ask *your* forgiveness ; and, in like manner, 'tis right I should confess to God what I have offended *against God*, and ask God's forgiveness, and not yours ; but to go and confess *to you*, against whom I have done no wrong, my offences *against God*, is what I don't understand. Besides, father," said Mrs. Desmond, colouring with shame and confusion, "I wouldn't for all the world listen again to the filthy questions that are put to us at confession. Even in my former ignorance I used to wonder how God could require such a thing of us women ; but now I see He never required it at all, and that it must be an invention of man to keep us slaves and to get money. Thank God, my little innocent girl Mary needn't now go to have bad things put into her head. Oh, I'd die sooner than go myself or let my poor little girl go."

The earnestness with which Mrs. Desmond expressed these words, and his utter inability to say a word in favour of such a practice, seemed to show him that the less said on that point the better to an honest-minded and sensible woman, who knew by experience what confession was ; and so, turning from that, he said,—

"But, at all events, let me see you at mass next Sunday. You can't have any objection to that. Oh,

surely you won't grieve the heart of your old pastor who taught you from a child. I'll explain everything to you at mass ; only don't break my heart by staying away and going to that jumpers' meeting, setting a bad example to the country." He uttered these last words with much emotion, and seemed to shed tears.

"Ah, dear father Lannon," said Mrs. Desmond, "you ought to know 't isn't for a trifle I'd grieve or offend you. You're, without doubt, a dear, kind man ; but you're obliged to follow the bad rules of the Church that keeps the Bible from the people, aye, and I see keeps yourself in slavery. I can't sin against God to oblige *you*, though I'm ready to do anything else to oblige you. 'Tis a mortal sin, I think, to go in at the chapel door. Look here, Father Lannon," said she, opening the 4th chapter of Deuteronomy in the Douay Bible she held in her hand, and reading—"And the Lord spoke to you from the midst of the fire. You heard the voice of his words, but you saw not any *form* at all. Keep, therefore, your souls carefully ; you saw not any *similitude* in the day that the Lord God spoke to you in Horeb from the midst of the fire, lest, perhaps, being deceived, you might make to you a graven similitude or image of male or female."

"What's that !" said the Priest, laying hold on the book, as if doubting the existence of such a passage,\* having first hastily glanced at the title-page to assure himself that it was a Douay Bible.

\* The Priests are in general quite unacquainted with the Bible further than the few isolated passages quoted in their books of controversy.

"You see, your Reverence, 'tis all right"—holding one side of the book, and pointing to ver. 23. "And see here again :—'Beware lest thou ever forget the covenant of the Lord thy God, which He hath made with thee, and make to thyself a graven likeness of those things which the Lord thy God hath forbidden to be made; because the Lord thy God is a consuming fire, a jealous God.'"

While the Priest was looking in confused amazement at the passage, as if lost in deep thought, Mrs. Desmond added :—

"And, your Reverence, I was greatly struck with how poor Ireland is visited with the very same curses that God threatens against them that make such images. See here, at ver. 25 :—'If you shall beget sons and daughters, and abide in the land, and, being deceived, make to yourselves any similitude, committing evil before the Lord your God, to provoke him to wrath, I call this day heaven and earth to witness, that you shall quickly perish out of the land; . . . you shall not dwell therein long, but the Lord will destroy you, and scatter you among all nations; and you shall remain a few among the nations to which the Lord shall lead you.' Didn't you and I plainly see, Father Lannon, the poor Irish perishing in thousands off the land this time back, and being scattered to America, and all the world over?"

"Who gave you this book, Mrs. Desmond? It was very wrong for you to pretend to understand it by your own private judgment, instead of finding the sense put on it by the Church."

"Sure, Sir, I am asking the sense of the Church

when I am asking you to explain why we are all taught to do contrary to our own Bible. If you give me a good reason for this, I'll believe you ; but I can't for the life of me see how the Church, or any one, can make anything out of these verses but that God forbids his Church, and every one, on any account, to make images or likenesses for religious worship. And, to tell your Reverence the whole truth, it was Paddy Sullivan, the Scripture-reader, that gave me this Bible ; and he not only showed me, and marked for me, these passages, but he also showed me the Ten Commandments in the twentieth chapter of Exodus ; and, above all, I was surprised to find that, in the Catechism I was taught, all about images, and forbidding idle days, or *holidays*, as we call 'em, is entirely left out ; so that we can never know what God's commandments really are unless we go to a Scripture-reader or a *Minister*.\* Your Reverence makes it a mortal sin to do this ; so that we are in a bad way (God help us !), and are bringing and keeping God's curse upon ourselves and poor Ireland, unknown to us ; for there can be no doubt but 'tis a mortal sin to break the plain commandments of God.

"And, besides that," said the widow Desmond, getting warmer and warmer in the subject, "I see plainly, your Reverence, that it makes no difference being learned or unlearned. There, I myself got good schooling when I was a girl, but till I read God's Word, I never saw the dreadful sin of idolatry. And sure, the other day, as I was passing by the chapel over there, where the Priests put up a large cross last

\* So the Protestant clergyman is called by Irish Romanists.

year, I saw that gentleman that has all the property, Squire C., drive up with his family in his carriage; and, though the day was wet and slobbery, he throw himself down on the bare mud before the cross to say prayers.\* And, to tell you the truth, Father, this makes me have as little confidence in you to teach me, as I'd have in the most unlearned man, as you don't teach what is in the Bible. And" —

"Easy, easy, Mrs. Desmond," exclaimed the Priest, restraining his anger; "don't run on so fast: instead of bothering your head with such things, you ought to be thinking of the loss of your poor soul, when you'll have no priest to give you absolution, or to prepare you for death."

"Ah! Father Lannon, I'm glad you said something about that, for it would be little good for me to be frightened, as I am, away from the chapel, for fear of God's curse in regard of the images, if I hadn't some one else besides a priest to go to; but, thanks be to God, I have the dear and precious Saviour. Oh! Father, I couldn't tell you how my heart opened up into heaven when Paddy Sullivan showed me that our Lord Jesus Christ is 'the great High Priest' (as here in the Douay Bible) 'that is entered into heaven itself, that He may appear now in the presence of God for us.' And here again:—'Whereby He is able also to save for ever them that come to God by Him, always living to make intercession for us.' (Heb. ix. 24, and vii. 25.) I asked him if *the Minister* taught the people to trust in Jesus alone? He said he did, and that if he didn't, he'd be going contrary to his own Articles of faith;

\* A fact.

for he gave me this little Church of England Prayer-book (taking it out of her pocket), and marked for me this Eleventh Article—of ‘the United Church of England and Ireland.’ ”

Seizing the book, the Priest read, as if curious to know the extent of the evil :—

“We are accounted righteous before God only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ ; by faith, and not for our own works or deservings : wherefore, that we are justified by faith only, is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort.”

At the word “comfort,” he stopped, and exclaimed, “Very comforting, no doubt, Mrs. Desmond, very comforting, if one could believe such a thing at all ; but ” ——

“Oh ! your Reverence,” said she—noticing a grave and serious look on his face, that seemed to say, “I envy the poor sinner that can believe so comforting a doctrine”—“if you could feel what I did, and do, on believing that I am forgiven, and taken into my heavenly Father’s favour, and put in a state of salvation, without waiting to be better, but only by thinking and believing that my dear Saviour did all for me : Oh ! if you felt the comfort of that, how it opens one’s heart to the Lord—how it makes one wonder how God allows poor sinners like us to come to Him as a loving Father, through a loving Saviour—how He allows us to think we are his dear children, only through the merits of Christ ; oh ! if you felt the comfort of that, you would live and die in no other faith but that. Ah, Father, if I’m wrong in this, you ought not to blame me, for this religion, be it right or



wrong, not only gave me comfort, but—what the Priest's absolution and the Priest's preaching never did—it brought me out of all my sins, and made me be thinking every moment of my life how I'd best please my dear heavenly Father and Saviour. Don't blame me, Father," she exclaimed, "be it right or wrong, I cannot, I will not, give it up to my dying hour ; I'll never deny my own dear Saviour. And, oh ! that I may never die till I see your Reverence doing the same !"

Mrs. Desmond uttered these last sentences with such warm and earnest energy, clasping her hands together, and looking up into the Priest's face with such an expression of simple and affectionate sincerity, that the amiable old man seemed for a moment more than half a convert to her views. She saw by his looks that there was a powerful struggle within, between his worldly interests and the rich consolations of Gospel grace. But after a solemn pause of a few moments, as if the view of the degradation and ruin that awaited him if he encouraged such a thought had risen like a spectre before his mind, he exclaimed with vehemence, glancing at the same time at the Eleventh Article in the Prayer-book :—

"Mrs. Desmond, I must again say, and own, that the doctrine of justification by faith only, must be most comforting to any one who could believe such a thing. But 'tis false, 'tis false ; and, if I found myself so weak and so unfaithful to my holy Church as for a moment to allow the thought to dwell in my mind that it could be true, I would lie all night on the bare ground, doing penance in sackcloth and ashes for

the sin of having allowed such a thought to dwell on my mind.\* So now, Mrs. Desmond, don't expect that, as a faithful pastor of the Church, I will spare *you*. You see, I would not spare myself if guilty of an approach to such a sin. I must do my duty ; you must take the consequences of your heresy and your sin against the Church of God."

These last words were uttered with evident indignation ; and, before Mrs. Desmond could reply, he rushed hastily out of her house, mounted his horse, and rode off, evidently unwilling to trust himself any longer to the power of truth, flowing from the heart of this simple-minded, but intelligent Christian matron.

\* This happened, in substance, in the presence of the Author. He witnessed the seeming temporary triumph of Gospel truth in the heart of a priest, and the struggle to get rid of it, just as described.

## CHAPTER III.

### AN UNWILLING PERSECUTOR.

"Mr dear Mr. Rylan," said the Priest to his host, as they sat together over a jug of punch, "'tis some comfort for us to meet with even one landlord who is a true son of the Church. I'm heart-broken from those *jumpers*; and I can't now, as formerly, get the Protestant landlords to let us do what we like with our own people. Only think, they're beginning to talk of being masters of their own tenants. But *God be with the time* when we could say from the altar, 'The priests shall be the landlords' masters; \* we'll have whoever we please as Poor-law Guardians, and Dispensary doctors; ay, and Members of Parliament too!' Well, we can't always do that now. But what a fine day would it be for the Church in Ireland if all the property came into the hands of such good Catholics as you, Mr. Rylan," giving a condescending smile at his host. "I expect that you will do your duty now that you have got the land."

"Well, Father Lannon," said the host, "no thanks to me for that; 'tis only my duty as a Catholic; and especially when I'm allowed to eat meat when I please, by paying a trifle yearly to my clergyman.† And

\* A fact.

† A fact.

since I was a little boy, you taught me that to obey the Church is to obey God. But what is this you want me now to do ? ”

“ Well, you know that widow Desmond, down there on your property at Kilginnon ? ”

Mr. Rylan coloured, and seemed agitated at the mention of her name. The Priest continued :—

“ I’ll lose my senses with shame and fretting, unless she’s banished out of the country. I’m half choked from uttering curses upon curses from the altar ; and since she set a bad example by turning jumper, and sending all her children to that heretic school, where they *demoralise* \* the children with Bible reading, I can make no hand of the people at all. And the worst of it is, she’s so independent a person that I can’t give it out that she’s bribed, as I can of the poorer people.”

“ Well, Father Lannon,” said Mr. Rylan, colouring with distress and confusion, “ it grieves me to find you think such a painful act is my duty as a Catholic ; for to tell you the truth, I haven’t so good a tenant as Mrs. Desmond on my property. She’s most punctual in paying her rent, and is in every respect a most industrious and improving tenant. Besides, you know, Father Lannon, but for your advice she would be my wife now—you remember how hard you found it to persuade me not to marry her. I complied because of all the money my late beloved wife had ; but indeed, Kitty Doherty, as she then was, was good and decent enough for me, though not having so much money as my late wife. And though I have no liking

\* A favourite expression of the priests for the effects of reading the Scriptures.

for her in that way now, it wouldn't look well for me to treat her badly again. You know when by your advice I broke off the match long ago, all the country said I treated her badly in doing so."

"And well it was for you to have taken my advice," said the Priest, "where otherwise would you have got all the money to purchase this fine property?"

"I know that, Father, and am now thankful to you; but still I don't like to treat her badly. Isn't it enough, Father, that she's under the altar-curse, along with the other jumpers and soupers? Won't it do to leave her in the hands of God? Sure, if she's wrong, as no doubt she is, 'tis worse for herself, and the Lord is able to punish her without my being so cruel to so good a tenant."

"Oh, Mr. Rylan," replied the Priest, "I thought you were better acquainted with the heavenly laws of the Church than that. Don't you know that all baptized persons are the lawful subjects of the Church, (as our Council of Trent says,\*) and it is right to compel them to return to her communion, by *confiscation of property, imprisonment, and death*, just as runaway slaves are compelled to return to their masters, or deserters to their regiments. Besides, you know the soul is so much more valuable than property, liberty, or life, that 'tis an act of the truest charity to *deprive* a man of these for the sake of his soul. I'm sure you believe, as I do, that out of the true Church none can be saved; and how then are we, who think so, to let any poor soul die out of it without using all means in

\* See Lectures at Exeter Hall, by Dr. Cumming and Rev. R. M'Ghee, on Canonical Punishment, p. 22, *et passim*.

our power, especially the means the Church herself has devised to bring them into it."

"Oh, I beg pardon, Father, I didn't see the thing in that light before. I now see clearly that we must do such things out of pure charity, unless, indeed, we give up the grand truth, that there is no salvation out of the pale of the holy Roman Church. But, Father, she pays her rent so punctually, that I fear it will not be in my power to eject her ;" said Mr. Rylan, seeming glad to find a loop-hole for his conscience.

"I'm happy to be able to set you right on that," said the Priest. "When her husband was alive he told me he had surrendered his lease to his landlord, Mr. ———, the late proprietor, on a promise of an abatement ; and as you are only just come in for the property, I am sure she is but a tenant-at-will, and can be ejected on the title. So that now it is quite in your power to rid the country of such a pest as she is—and when a man has it in his power to do a thing, then it is a sin not to do it. Sure, dear Mr. Rylan, you will not allow my flock to be *demoralised* by going to those heretic schools and meetings, and reading those heretic tracts, and listening to those canting jumpers they call Scripture-readers. I'm sure you'll have pity on your aged pastor, that taught you to fear God and pray to the blessed Virgin from infancy. Sure, if it was your own mother was there, you should, as a Catholic, go against her in the path of your duty to God. Our Saviour says, 'He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.' And you ought to know that *the more love and regard we have for any one,*

*the greater is the merit in the sight of God of going against 'em in the path of duty."*

The hideous principle thus uttered by the Priest is one of the essentials of Jesuitism, and shows the anti-social character of their system. This principle was openly avowed and defended by the learned Jesuits at Rome in their conversations with the Rev. Hobart Seymour, as related in his "Mornings with the Jesuits," chap. i. Mr. Seymour makes the following just remark upon it :—

"I felt that this was a principle that would justify any crime, and I could not help saying so. I saw that, according to this principle, there was no treason against the State, no villany against individuals, that might not be perpetrated by a Jesuit; he imagining at the moment that the more hateful and revolting to his own feelings and convictions the act might be, the more really meritorious it was in the sight of God."

Poor Mr. Rylan was a man of a most benevolent heart and a tender conscience, but he was the victim of a system which turns the truth of God upside down, presses conscience and domestic affection itself into the service of Satan, and makes men think they do God service in opposing the Gospel, and persecuting those who belong to Christ, however near and dear to them. It is true that father, and mother, and all are to be forsaken, and life itself resigned when duty to God demands the sacrifice. How awful, then, the delusion which, by putting the arbitrary will of man, under the plausible name of the voice of the Church, in the place of the will and command of God, to which it is really opposed, renders its victims the

willing and devoted instruments of priestly tyranny ! The most awful feature in this delusion is, that it is the sincere and those who possess a conscience more or less tender, though sadly perverted, that are most liable to be swayed by it. Such was Mr. Rylan. He, therefore, with much excitement of feeling replied—

“Dear Father Lannon, I now clearly see my duty, and I hope you will forgive the sin I was falling into in allowing my feelings as well as my worldly interests to interfere with my duty to God and the Church. I will no longer have to answer for the sin of allowing such pestilential heresy on my property, or you, my loved pastor and God’s priest, to be grieved and disgraced, as I see you are, by the success of these heretic jumpers and soupers.”

“I knew I said the truth,” replied the Priest, “when I said, what a happy day it would be for poor Ireland if all the landlords were good and sincere Catholics like you. I leave it all in your hands. I have no doubt you will do what is right as a true son of the Church.”



## CHAPTER IV.

### THE INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

As soon as the widow Desmond and her brother William Doherty had parted from Eileen, as stated in the first chapter, William, turning round to look after her as she hastily ran back towards her father's cabin, said,—

“How glad I'd be, Kitty, to bring that girl back to the true faith. 'Tis a thousand pities to have her go with them nasty jumpers. Bad luck to 'em, and to turn such a fine *likely* girl to the devil that way. When I saw her listening to her fool of a father, talking his botheration about his heretic Bible, you'd think the sun was shining out of her face, and her eyes as bright as the stars in the sky. I thought maybe I could persuade her to give up the thing when she'd hear they must be all turned out, if they don't give themselves up to the Priest. And for all my being so bitter against her and her father, I felt I'd like to be talking to her, and so I called her out. And indeed, if you saw the mild gentle look the poor thing gave me as the tears ran down her cheeks, when I told her we must turn 'em all out, you'd forget she was following the devil, as no doubt she and all of 'em are. It must be, that's the way the likes of 'em sets people astray

by their soft looks and their smooth talk. Indeed, I think the Priest might get some of 'em back if he'd coax 'em and not be giving them bitter curses. You know we have an old saying—' You'd catch more flies with a noggin of honey, than with a quart of vinegar.' I'll try that plan with her, but I must take care of her smooth talk. If I wasn't sure myself they're all going to hell, I might be set astray by that girl myself. I wish I didn't like her so well as I do, but she'll not set me astray—I never doubted, and I never will doubt, of the holy Roman Church to be the only true religion. You know the Priest always taught us that 'tis a mortal sin to doubt the holy Roman faith."

The Widow Desmond seemed wrapped in thought while her brother was giving vent to his deep bigotry, repeating her former remark, "I think, William, they are too stedfast to change 'em—they seem to be as sure they are in the right way, as you are in yours; and what they say is, that they can find their religion in *our* Bible, the Douay Bible, and that our religion, as the Priest teaches us, is not to be found there,—indeed, I must look into this, for I'm afraid it is the case."

"I tell you what it is, Kitty," said he, as if a new and sudden thought had taken him, and as if he did not hear a word of what his sister said about the Douay Bible; "I'm sure though she's so stedfast and wouldn't turn back to keep her father in the land, she'd be glad to do so to get such a good match as I'd be for her. I like her so well, I have a mind to ask her; do you think a poor girl like her would refuse a farmer like me?"

"You may find yourself mistaken," said Mrs. Desmond ; "before she went to her cousin's wedding, I was one day, by the Priest's bidding, trying to make her give up the Bible, and go to mass again, and that I'd get a good match for her ; and she told me, ' She never would—that she'd follow Maureen's example, especially in not marrying anyone that wasn't following the Bible.' And she said, too, ' How well it throve with Maureen in the long run.'"

"Well, I have a plan worth two of that," said William, stopping his sister as if to return back. "If she refused, I'd tell her that *maybe* I might *perhaps* turn after a time as Tom Sheehan did ; and if once we were married *let me alone* to make her go to mass by hook or by crook,—the Priest would settle all that for me. I think she will consent, she looked so kindly and so lovingly at—at us both, as we were parting a while ago."

Without waiting for any further remark from his sister, he returned hastily to the door of James's cabin, and calling Eileen out, he said,—

"Miss O'Connor, don't think so badly of me because we can't agree *yet* on religion. Maybe we might agree before we die ; and suppose we didn't, sure, *you* could go your own way, and I'd go mine, like James Taylor that takes his wife to the chapel door and goes on to the church himself."

"What are you at, Mr. Doherty ?" said Eileen, amazed and confounded at this sudden and abrupt hint from one who was always spoken of as boasting that he would *only* marry some very rich farmer's daughter, and thought himself too good for any of them.

"Oh, I suppose you don't understand me," said he, in an ironical tone, stepping short, and throwing up his head and shrugging back his shoulders like a recruit on drill; "I suppose you don't know what it is for a poor girl to be wife to a farmer like William Doherty,—come now my girl—now is your time—don't be too modest, tell me, will you marry me?"

Eileen drew back her hand which he had rather rudely taken, and as soon as she could recover from her surprise and confusion, she said,—

"Indeed, Mr. Doherty, you are very much mistaken in me. I know you are entirely above me, for since poor daddy lost his farm, I am only a poor labourer's daughter, and have no expectation of marrying a farmer like you; and what's more, I never thought you'd ask the likes of me, and maybe 'tis only jokin you are."

"I'm not joking," said William, swearing out an oath.

Eileen drew back in seeming horror, and holding up her hands with the palms turned towards him, as she retired a pace or two, she said,—

"Oh, Mr. Doherty, how can you take the Lord's name in vain that way?—you and I larned that that was a great sin in our catechism; but it only shows me as cousin Maureen said, 'That man's taching goes for nothing, *unless we are taught out of God's Word itself—the Bible*, and unless we pray for God's grace to make us keep his commandments, as Maureen showed me in the Church Catechism of the Protestants.'

"Ah, the Protestants!" said William, suppressing his anger which the very name evidently excited, and

still anxious to carry out his plan, "how do you know, girl, but I'd be one myself before I die?"

"God grant that you may become a raal Christian, Mr. Doherty, before you die, for cousin Maureen told me she was sorry to find all Protestants are not raal Christians, though she thought at first she'd find 'em so, being they have such fine liberty to read the Word of God."

"Well, you have nothing but Maureen, Maureen, on your tongue," said William; "and now can't you as well marry me, and maybe you'd make me a real Christian, as Maureen made Tom Sheehan in the long run; and can't you follow her example?"

"Oh, 'tis a very different case, Mr. Doherty. Maureen didn't marry Tom Sheehan till she was sure first that he was a real Christian. She gave me very good advice about that afore we parted. Says she, 'It went agen my heart to refuse Tom the first time, for I liked him very much; but I knew I would not have luck if I did it, for I read in the Bible that we mustn't marry any one that's not of the true religion; and we mustn't "do evil that good may come." Now, if I married him while he was a Roman, I'd be "doing evil that good may come." Thank God that gave me grace to do the right thing—to refuse him then.' That's how the good came to Maureen, Mr. Doherty; she did what is right, and left all in the hands of God. And now that's the short and the long of it. I'll follow Maureen's example; I'll never marry a Roman."

The peremptory manner in which Eileen uttered these words deterred William from urging this plea any further; but, changing his ground, he said:—

"But, now, Miss O'Connor, sure there's no great difference between the two religions. Would'nt you like me if I said one is as good as the other?"

"Them that says so must know very little about either," replied Eileen. "I'm sure if the Priest thought so he wouldn't be cursing us as he does. I know this much myself, that whenever I meets a Protestant they have no objection to read the Bible or to listen to it; and some of 'em likes it very much entirely; but them that are going with the Priest won't hearken to it, or read it at all at all; and some of 'em will run away the moment a body shows 'em a Bible. This is a great and wide difference between the two, Mr. Doherty. And another thing. I often hear the Protestants and the converts speaking about the dear Saviour; none of 'em have any objection to spake about Him, and some of 'em likes very dearly to hear and spake about Him; but when I says anything about Him to the Romans, I see by 'em they don't like it; they'd rather be talking about the Virgin Mary, and about the Priest, and about the fine holy Roman Church, or, may be, about the praties, or some worldly affairs; and some of 'em will say, 'Oh! you're a souper, you're a jumper,' the moment I talks about the dear Saviour. And, Mr. Doherty," said she, with much earnest animation, spreading her open hands asunder, and then clasping them together before her breast, "If you seen the way parson Wilkins goes on in church, how different it is from the Priest, and the fine things he says about the Saviour, you'd say the two religions was as different as the bad and the good places that people goes to when they die."

"Is it the minister to go on as fine as the Priest does?" said William, colouring with anger at her venturing on a comparison so disparaging to the Priest, whom he regarded as a God upon earth; "I wouldn't believe that at all. Sure, to see the Priest in his fine, beautiful vestments, and the grand, big cross on his back, and he making all the beautiful *flexions* up and down, and holding up the blessed Eucharist for us to worship, and bowing, and crossing, and saying all the fine prayers for our benefit, 'body would know well he was doing some fine, heavenly business for our poor souls. I'll engage the Minister could not do the like. Why, you'd go away with your heart as light as a feather, when you'd think the Priest was after doing all them fine things for your poor soul."

"Ah! Mr. Doherty, I know what you mane by that. I used myself to think I got a heavenly charm from what the priest was doing. But, you see, when I and daddy began to read the Bible together, I began to look into the thing, and then the charm was gone. I got up one day into the gallery of the chapel, where I could see every *hand's turn* of what the Priest was doing. There he'd go back and fall on his knees, and forward again and fall on his knees; then he'd read a prayer in the middle of the altar, and then the clerk would change the book to one side, and he'd read it there, and then to the other side, and he'd read it there; then he'd open the napkin and fould it up one way, and open it again, and fould it another way; indeed, 'twas hard to think of all the ways he'd fould it," said Eileen, acting over every motion of the Priest. "Now, I couldn't find anything in the Bible

about the like in our Saviour's instructions to his apostles, but only, 'Go, preach the Gospel to every creature,' and that 'repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name.' And, Oh! Mr. Doherty," said she, getting warmly animated in her subject, "if you seen how different the minister went on in church, your heart would warm up to everything he said. I'll never forget the day he showed us how our blessed Lord, after offering one sacrifice for our sins, went into heaven itself as the true priest—as our Great High Priest; and how he goes before our Judge there to ask pardon for every poor sinner like you and me that cries in his name, 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' and how he shows his wounds there before God and the angels, the way they'd know 'twas *He* that paid dearly for the forgiveness He was asking for them that confesses to Him, and prays to Him, and trusts in Him. Then, Mr. Doherty, the doings of the Priest at the altar came into my mind, and says I to myself, 'Oh, what a pity 'tis the Priest isn't doing as the minister does, to be praching the Gospel and telling poor sinners *what Jesus is doing for 'em*, instead of going on with all them turnings, and kneelings, and flexions, and bowings, and moving the book from side to side, and foulding the napkin this way, and that way, and every way; Oh, it must be the poor fellow knows nothing about what the dear Saviour is doing in heaven for us, or he'd not be going on with his *much ado about nothing*; for, Oh, Mr. Doherty, it does my heart good to be thinking the Lord Jesus is doing all I have said



for a poor sinner like me, and I loves to hear about Him, and to think about Him; and all the world wouldn't make me go back to trust again in the foolish doings of the Priest. No, no; there's no use in your talking to me about that. Good evening to you, Mr. Doherty," said Eileen, as she turned hastily from him towards her father's cabin, leaving William in evident mortification and confusion at her stedfast refusal and the total failure of his plan.

On returning to her father, Eileen told him of the offer she had from William Doherty, and of her refusal. James said,—

"Eileen dear, no doubt but 'twould be a fine match for you *so far forth* as we can judge. But tell me, did you find anything *in the book* about the thing? Whatever isn't in the book is *thrash*. That's my good rule always since Paddy and Maureen showed me the right way."

"Oh, father, 'tis forbidden in the Bible. Cousin Maureen marked the places for me. Here they are : —'Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness . . . and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?' (2 Cor. vi. 14, 16.) And here again, 'Neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter shalt thou not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son. For they will turn away thy son from following me, that they may serve their gods; so will the anger of the Lord be kindled against you; and destroy thee sud-

denly.' (Deut. vii. 3, 4.) I told William Doherty this was the rason I could not *hear to* the likes on any account. Maybe, father, he might — "

"Well, that's enough, my child; we couldn't have luck if we went agen the book. Let us lave all in the hands of God."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE PUBLIC MEETING.

N.B.—THE following abstract of the proceedings of a Public Meeting, which took place previous to or during the progress of the events and facts recorded in this publication and in “Poor Paddy’s Cabin,” will throw light on the state of things in Ireland under which they took place. Three reporters—one from a Protestant and two from Roman Catholic journals—attended on the occasion.

“A Meeting was held at Kilmoylan Cross on Monday, March 1, 1847, according to public notice, convening the inhabitants of the parish to take into consideration the prevalent extent of disease and destitution in that rural district, as well as to prepare for the introduction of the measures intended by Government for its relief. A large number of individuals attended, chiefly consisting of intelligent members of the farming class, *who evinced a peculiar degree of excitement and determination with reference to the character the proceedings assumed.*

“The Rector, three Protestant Magistrates, five Protestant gentlemen, three Roman Catholic gentlemen, and five Roman Catholic priests were present.

“J. MILBANK, Esq., J.P., was called to the chair.

"After some observations by the Chairman, the Rev. Mr. MORAN, P.P., requested leave to make a few observations before proposing a Resolution grounded upon the substance of what the Chairman had stated. The great necessity of calling that Meeting arose from their being in a remote district, and quite unnoticed as yet, he might say, by the public. They had got but very little aid from any quarter, except where they made personal applications through the Secretary. They had struggled to the last, and pulled together faithfully and well since the 1st of May last year. Every person lent a hand; even the labourer himself at that time came forward with his subscription, and paid it willingly to relieve the prevailing distress of last summer. The farmers were liberal, and the landlords, not a man of them, except one, who had since given a small subscription, but did their duty too. In fact, every person did what he could. The priest and the minister, and every creed and class joined to relieve the distress of the people. They continued to do so, and they worked well and efficiently. They would with the same co-operation effect a great deal still. But he was very sorry to observe that the link which bound them in their united efforts was separated and broken, and that in consequence of attempts made to *demoralize*\* their people by proselytism. When this was forgotten in every other part of Ireland (for they had not heard of an instance of it occurring elsewhere), unfortunately, in this parish, they were obliged now, in place of working for the good of the people cordially together, and relieving them, to separate and

\* See Note at page 19.

give their co-operation no farther. In the first place, he had to remark that strangers had been introduced into the parish—were going about distributing tracts and papers on the famine—going into the cabins of the poor and telling them, ‘It is no wonder the potato has perished in your unfortunate country; *you have no Bible.*’ So the poor man came, he made his complaint, he asked for those good books that would make the potatoes grow again; he got them, and carried home with him meal which they helped to boil. (Laughter.) This had been done in many instances. (Hear, hear.) The books had been kept by others, and given up to the Catholic clergy. In many places the people were harassed in this way, and now he proposed to them, if any gentleman present—he did not care of what religion or what creed—seeing his children famishing about him, crying of hunger—himself melting into tears to see them—if he had been addressed and asked to ‘Come; you will get relief; but throw away your old prejudices. Come, join the true faith,’ what would he say to such an advance? A poor man was sometimes tempted to receive the bribe, while he despised in his heart the man who offered it. Let any one of them put himself in the position of a poor, miserable man, and try to imagine how he should feel under such circumstances. Still the people were faithful, and despised the persons who offered such gifts. (Hear, hear.) He did not wish to make further observation, but to give the public and that respectable Meeting to know what advances had been made and strides were attempted to rise on the misery of the people; to make them hypocrites because they were

not, and could not, and would not be sincere. He deprecated such conduct, and he called on the Meeting to give him their opinion on the matter. At the same time he would state that he had privately remonstrated, that he had done all in his power to put a stop to the practice; but he would not be heard, and his remonstrances were disregarded. So, having got an opportunity of speaking there, he wished to bring public opinion to bear upon the authors of this conduct.

“MR. ELMVALE, J.P.—Before the resolution is put—

“The RECTOR, who interrupted to defend himself, rose and said, I regret extremely that I am obliged to say that a more groundless, a more unfounded charge was never brought against an innocent man. It has been stated by the Rev. Mr. Moran, that a man was offered a bribe—that he was given to understand that he would get meal and other assistance if he would turn to what I, or those employed by me as Scripture-readers, might say was the true religion. Now, in the presence of my God and Judge, with all deference and solemnity, I say this statement is utterly unfounded. I never have been anything but indiscriminate in my charity. My plan has been, to the utmost of my power, to ascertain the exact amount of actual destitution as to food, independent of anything connected with religion whatsoever. I have endeavoured to imitate Him who has left us an example to follow; who, when He fed the multitude with the loaves and fishes, did not say, ‘if you follow Me, I will feed you;’ but fed them, and left them free to follow Him afterwards, if their consciences led them. I have conscientiously, and, as I could answer before my God and the world,

exactly done the same. I have been often tempted, indeed, to depart from this rule. Many an individual has come to me, and they come in numbers every day, saying, 'Sir, what will you give me—will you support me and employ my family, and I will go to church?' My answer to them is—I look for a straw or a bit of chaff, and squirt it in their faces, not liking to scold them, which would send them away not pleased with their application; and I say, '*That* is what I will give you for turning.' I tell them, 'If you wish to come to church, you must come for spiritual things; but if you wish to go for temporal things, go to the soup-shop.' I utterly disavow the charge. I have done no such thing. I only endeavoured to relieve the wants of the people. I have sent faithful men, whom I can depend on because they are good men (laughter), to whom my directions are, never to mention or broach such a thing as an encouragement to come to church.

"The Rev. Mr. MORAN.—Then they have not done so.

"The RECTOR.—If any of the people choose to come forward at any time that is not my doing—why should I hinder them? If I asked or bribed them to come, then indeed you might say so. My rule is, indiscriminate charity to all; and there are now, and there will be, through the parish, hundreds that will be relieved by me, that have been relieved, who never will, nor ever thought of, nor did I ever imagine they would think of, such a thing as coming to church to join my communion. I will continue to relieve them. I have relieved them for six weeks, as the Commissary-General will bear testimony. If Christian friends in

England have entrusted me with their money, my family have been enabled to keep 180 heads of families from starvation. I have done it without stipulation. And before the opening of the public works, I received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Moran, in which he said, 'If you cease feeding the people, the consequence will be awful.' At the very same time there was a threat to pillage the Rev. Gentleman's [Mr. Moran's] house, and I went over with him to where the people were at work, and addressed them with him. I relieved the people in this way, in imitation of my Saviour; but I never said, 'I'll feed you if you follow me.' I left the people free agents; I left them with that liberty of conscience which I will, if I can, procure for them. But at the same time I will tell you candidly what the ground of the charge is; and here if you condemn me, I cannot help it, because if I was before the faggot and stake it is what I would do. Ever since I came to this parish, I considered it to be my solemn duty, whenever I met a poor fellow-sinner, to lead him if I could, by persuasion, to place his trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, for the salvation of his soul. I never made it a stipulation of my relief that he should come to church. But I endeavoured, and always will endeavour, by the Lord's blessing, to lead my poor fellow-sinners to put their trust in the blood of Christ, for which I trust for the salvation of my own precious soul. I will employ Scripture-readers to do that. And why should I not try to make another as happy and secure as myself—washed in the blood of Christ. It is not the first time these reverend gentlemen called me to account. They wanted to



exact a stipulation from me that I would not do it. I told them that in the hurry of distributing soup to the people, the idea of speaking to them about their souls was so foolish, that I imagined they could not suspect me of taking such a course. But, said I, in the legitimate intercourse of life, when men are free to hear or not to hear me or my Readers, I will do it, and expect nothing else from me. Mr. Moran candidly said, it is painful for me to warn the people against you. You may do it, I answered, conceiving it your duty, for I have no personal ill will against you, on your own account, but against your principles. The object is to make it appear that I am taking advantage of the present distress to do this, and that therefore it is a new thing. Now, it is nothing but what I have been always doing ; and otherwise, how did it happen that three years ago my tracts and portions of the Bible were, on two occasions, collected and burned publicly on the road ?

“ Rev. Mr. MORAN.—*They will do so again.*

“ The RECTOR.—I laid out money printing little things, which I used to send round to the farmers before ever the famine was thought of, and have been doing so all along. Now, it happens, by a mere coincidence, that I am giving charity, and would you have me leave off giving it ? There is the real fact of the case. Much as I lament the principles they are teaching, yet, still, I can assure my kind neighbours that I have no sort of ill will for them. On the contrary, I wish them so well, that if it were in my power I would try to bring them over to believe as I conceive they ought. (Loud laughter.) Gentlemen, spare

your smiles. This is a solemn matter, a matter in which Christ has yet to decide. I have handed to the Chairman the tract against which so much anger has been expressed.

"The document, which was exhibited, contained for the most part a series of passages from Scripture, which were applied to interpret the present calamity into a judgment of God against the iniquities of the people.

"Here it was.

**"FAMINE.**

"Famine is fast spreading through our country, numbers of our poor countrymen are daily dying of starvation, or of sickness from want of food. The present suffering seems but the beginning of our sorrows.

"Provisions are daily getting scarcer and dearer. The calamity is so overwhelming that all must see the hand of God in it, and that none but God can help us. Surely, then, 'when God's judgments are in the land, the inhabitants thereof should learn righteousness.' (Isa. xxvi. 9.)

"In this alarming and awful state of things, we should all, high and low, rich and poor, humble ourselves under the chastening hand of God, repent truly of our sins, and pray to God to have mercy on us, and to forgive us for Jesus Christ's sake, 'whose blood alone cleanseth us from all sin.' (1 John i. 7.) Surely, when we consider our ungodliness, Sabbath-breaking, neglect of God's Word, murders, and various other sins, we must acknowledge that if God had not

been very long-suffering, He would long ago have punished so guilty a nation. Let us then provoke Him no longer, but at once turn unto the Lord with all our heart, for 'He is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth Him of the evil; who knoweth if He will return and repent, and leave a blessing behind him.' (Joel ii. 3.)

"A VOICE.—This is no time to be sending about tracts. (Cheers.)

"The RECTOR.—My health will not admit of my continuing the business of the Committee, and I have ready the balance of funds, which I will hand over to the Chairman. I will also give up the accounts, and let them manage it as they please; they need not fear any interference from me. As a proof of my health yielding, dear friends, I need not say more than that I had before me for three weeks a law paper of some moment, of a private nature, with an attorney waiting for a case on it—a matter in which I may lose a large sum of money—and I could not get time to draw up a case on it. Though I resign, I shall continue my exertions to the utmost for my unhappy country and neighbourhood, with my private funds. They are more extensive than your Committee's. I have done twice as much as your Committee, perhaps three times as much. I shall co-operate with your Committee in every way, to keep my poor people from starving. *I shall not bribe them to go to church; but I shall preach the Gospel to them independent of it.* Yes, dear friends, I shall continue to labour, heart and hand, for the temporal, and also for the spiritual welfare of Ireland,

my interesting, my much loved, but much injured country, while this heart can feel, and this hand can hold a pen. (Bravo !) Brethren, I have done.

“**Mr. ELMVALE, J.P.**, after expressing his regret at being obliged to differ from the Rector as to the propriety of attempting to bring the poor and uninformed, instead of learned men, like the Roman Catholic clergymen, to the Protestant faith, while he admitted that the Rector, in making the declaration he had just made, had acted in an honourable, manly, and straightforward manner, as became his position in society and his uniform conduct, proceeded to read the following Resolution :—

“Proposed by **S. T. W. ELMVALE, Esq.**, seconded by **J. CRABBE, Esq.** :—Resolved,—‘That at this time of unexampled privations, when the undivided exertions of all parties, lay and clerical, are necessary to alleviate the misery of the poor, we emphatically condemn, as mischievous, and fraught with danger, any attempt in any way to take advantage of the wretched condition of a famine-stricken people, to force on them any peculiar notions of religion, contrary to their present belief, or that of their ancestors.’

“**The Rector**, amidst some uproar—It is unfair. It takes no notice of my disclaimer. It is unfair and unjust towards me. **Mr. Elmvale** has adduced the opinions of men of high authority and dignity. But allow me to say that the Bible is my standard, and it tells me that it is to the poor the Gospel is to be preached ; that ‘it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into

heaven.' 'Not many wise,' says the apostle Paul, 'not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God has chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, heirs of the kingdom of glory.' (The Rev. Gentleman, amidst increasing uproar, proceeded to quote at considerable length from Scripture, speaking in the Irish tongue.)

"CHAIRMAN.—Be short. We want facts, not sermons.

"The RECTOR.—I will. Brethren, I have to express my regret that men should be under such a serious mistake (laughter) as to feel the necessity of depriving the poor of the bread of life. Dear friends, I protest against this Resolution. 'Tis unfair, 'tis uncharitable, 'tis unscriptural. (Bravo!)

"Mr. CRABBE, J. P., after censuring the interruption which had been caused by the Rector, contrary to the order of all public Meetings, seconded the Resolution proposed by Mr. Elmvale. He approved of every word that gentleman had said. He had not intended to take up time with making any remarks, when his were so much to the purpose, and so completely in accordance with his own views. (Cheers.) The speech that the Rector had made, and he regretted that he had made, in reply, obliged him (Mr. Crabbe) now to say that he stood up, not only to second the Resolution, but to defend it. He said he was charged by the Resolution with holding out inducements to the people to abjure their religion. Why, he avowed it himself.

"The RECTOR.—I do not.

“MR. CRABBE.—I leave it to the Meeting. He said he did it before, he was doing it now, and he would do it again. (Hear, hear, hear.)

The RECTOR.—No ; I preached the Gospel to them.

MR. CRABBE.—Then I take you at your word ; you say you won't do it ? (Cheers.) I hope now I shall be allowed to proceed. The thing has gone abroad ; and as a person connected with the parish of Kilmoylan, intimately and nearly, it was with sorrow and grief that I witnessed such a scene as I have witnessed here to-day. (Cheers.) When the people are dying around, when they have not a morsel to put into their mouths, nor a rag to cover them at night, nor any of the necessaries of life ; is this a time, I ask you all as Christians and as men, to be sowing the seeds of disunion ? (Cheers.) Is this a time to attempt to tamper with a man, when he is incapable of thinking of anything but the wants of his body ? (Hear, hear.) These are what we ought to turn our attention to —

“The RECTOR.—Much more the wants of the soul.

“MR. CRABBE.—And to leave the people to their own consciences, and to the direction of their spiritual advisers. Though I may differ with them in belief myself, still that difference could never carry me out of the straight path. (Cheers.) I would not make a turn of any kind ; and I think it is to be deprecated, and greatly deprecated, at this time. I entirely and cordially concur with this Resolution, and have only one further remark to make. I have been a long time in the world—near seventy years. The Almighty has permitted me to live longer than I have deserved. I have seen endeavours of this kind made. I have

always seen them turn out unsuccessfully. I challenge the Rector to show me a successful case of conversion in his parish; *and if I lived twenty years more I could not see it!* That shows me the evil and ill consequences of trying to stir up bad feeling and ill-blood, at a time when there ought to be nothing but peace. (Loud cheers.)

"The CHAIRMAN then put the Resolution, and declared, 'The ayes have it by a thousand to one majority. Now,' said he, 'we did not come here to discuss any more theology, gentlemen, if you please.'

"The RECTOR handed Mr. Elmvale a cheque for the balance of the funds, with an order, and moved his appointment as Secretary, which was seconded by C. P. SHIELDS, A.B., and agreed to.

"Mr. CRABBE then moved Mr. Elmvale to the chair; and thanks were voted to Mr. Milbank, the former chairman.

"The SECRETARY suggested that the Resolutions should be published in the local press. The Meeting afterwards adjourned."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE FARM HOUSE.

As the widow Desmond approached the farm house, her children ran to meet her with smiling faces. Taking the youngest child, a little fellow of about four years of age, in her arms, she entered the house, surrounded by the other little boys and girls.

"Where are Willy and Peggy?" said she. "I sent them home when the reaping was nearly done, to prepare the things for our supper."

"Oh! mammy dear," said Ellen, "I wonder you didn't meet them. While we were playing in the *baun* there, they got some paper from a man, that came to the door; and when they read it, they were whispering for a bit; and then they bid us all stay quiet, and that they'd go to show the paper to dear mammy. We thought they looked *skeered* when they ran to tell you."

"I must have missed them," said she, "for I came round at the back of the *haggart*. But I wonder what paper it could be. I hope the Priest hasn't been plotting some mischief against the poor widow, as I'm told he threatened to do to all the jumpers, as he calls us. But whatever it was, God's will be done. Thank



God, I now know from God's own book that it is far better to suffer wrong than to do it."

"Oh ! yes, dear mammy," said little Ellen. "Before Peggy went out, I tried to say over my verses to her that you set me, all about Christ :—'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven ; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.' I wanted to have them well for you against evening, as you desired me ; but she and brother were in such a hurry, after getting the paper, she said she could'n't stop to hear me."

Just at this moment Willy and Peggy came back in breathless haste. The poor girl was scarcely able to speak with nervous agitation, but threw her arms about her mother's neck, and wept in silence, while William, who seemed to have more command of his feelings, said :—

"Oh ! mother dear, you were right when you said 'twas a bad day for you when the property came into Catholic hands. Look at this paper, that was served on us by the bailiff. He came up laughing, and looking friendly, till he got inside the door, and he thrusts this paper into my hand, and, says he, 'Take this, my boy ; 'tis a present for your mother, from the landlord. She sha'n't be setting a bad example before the country any longer. May be she'd understand that better than a *lafe* of the Bible !' 'I won't have it at all,' says I. 'You may do what you like with it now, my boy,' says he ; 'you may put it in your pipe

and smoke it.' With that, he took and put the paper in the servant's hand, and went away laughing."

The cheerful flush of health which exercise and industrious toil, during a long harvest day, had raised upon the cheek of this comely, middle-aged matron, gave place, for a few moments, to a deadly paleness, as she tremblingly took the paper from the hands of her child. But recovering herself, she said, in a low and calm voice,—

"Oh ! this is an ejectment upon the title from my farm. I expected something of the kind, since I told Father Lannon the truth. Well, thank God, he can't take away my title to the heavenly inheritance. That's safe in the hands of my dear Saviour. Oh ! how beautiful 'tis here, Willy (opening her Bible at Romans viii. 35, and reading) :—' Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or persecution, or the sword ? But in these things we overcome, because of Him that loved us ; for I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

"And, my dear children," she added, "another thing I'm thankful for is, he can't eject *me* for not paying my rent, as he might many of these poor Romans about us ; he can't say I'm bribed to go to church, as he always says of the *poor* people. Oh ! I hope *I* may be the means of stopping the bad report about the poor converts, that they all do it for lucre's

sake. Oh ! I'm sure if those that say this knew from God's Word what it is to have a dear Saviour to love and trust to, they wouldn't think of any other lucre but that."

"And what will you do, dear mammy," exclaimed several of the children, bursting into tears, "will they turn you and all of us out on the road?" And Johany, the little fellow four years of age, more than half comprehending his mother's danger, rushed into her arms, saying,

"O mammy, dear mammy, when I have a house of my own, and you come as a poor beggar-woman to the door, I'll run out and bring you in, and put you in the chair by the fire, and give you a nice cup of tea and a slice of bread, and you shall have my bed, and you shan't go out to be a beggar any more."

When the silent effusion of tears which this simple ebullition of childlike affection had elicited from Mrs. Desmond and the other children had subsided, she said,

"Remain quiet, my dear children, and learn your evening verses and hymns as usual, and I'll go myself to the landlord : may be Mr. Rylan would remember—but—may be he'd give the poor widow some quarters."

## CHAPTER VII.

### AN HONEST INQUIRER.

LATE on a gloomy winter's evening, during one of the more recent rebellious movements in Ireland, as a clergyman's family sat round their tea-table—the children listening with excited interest to their father, as he recounted an interview he had had that day with the parish Priest, at which the latter had uttered some dark and rather alarming hints about Protestant clergymen daring to meddle with Roman Catholics, a heavy knock was heard at the hall door.

The clergyman rose up hastily, to ascertain who this untimely visitor could be. The children, together with their mother, crowded about their parent, as if they thought a wild beast awaited him at the hall door; some beseeching him not to go, others saying they'd go themselves and encounter the enemy. After some confused debating and whispering, which in the silence of a calm night must have been overheard by the visitor outside, and prepared him for no very welcome reception, the question was solemnly asked, in a loud voice, "Who's there?"

A gloomy, deep-toned reply, in a strange voice, was immediately given, "A friend; and pardon me for calling at this late hour."

After some minutes of excited debate, during which one of the elder boys thrust himself between his father and the door, while the others besought him not to adventure himself with what might, they said, be an assassin commissioned by the controversial antagonist of the morning, the clergyman cautiously opened the door, when lo ! a young man of strange face and figure, wrapped up in a large cloak, and dressed in priestly costume, and of mild and serious aspect, presented himself with many apologies for calling at so late an hour.

"But," added the stranger, "Sir, when you hear my story, you will see that I had good reasons for not calling on you in the day time."

The stranger's manner and aspect having greatly abated, if not entirely removed, all suspicions of an assassin, the clergyman said,

"Well, Sir, take an Irish welcome at all events, and come in and join our family party in a cup of hot tea, as you must be cold."

"Many thanks to you," said the stranger, in a deep, sepulchral voice ; "but before accepting your kind offer of tea, allow me to tell you in a few words the object of my visit, as I fear it may be mistaken. Could you, reverend Sir, just step aside with me, as I think it better to tell it to yourself alone at first ?"

Pistols and daggers immediately rose to the imagination of the mother and children ; and several whispers, not very flattering to the young man, were expressed, with suitable looks and gestures. The clergyman, however, judging that they were groundless, endeavoured to save the stranger's feelings by taking

him hastily into an adjoining room, while the young people and their mother waited in breathless anxiety outside.

"Sir," said the stranger, "I am a Roman Catholic, and a monk of the order of ——. I have doubts about the truth of my religion, and I have called to consult you on the subject. But understand, Sir, I am by no means convinced of what you call 'the errors of Popery;' I merely have doubts. I may never leave the Church of Rome. In that case, my visit to you for such a purpose, if known, would ruin my prospects for ever. Have pity on me, then, and let it not be known even to your own family, except so far as I may rely on its not going abroad."

"Well, dear Sir, I respect your honest candour—I shall scrupulously observe the caution you require. My dear wife and children, be assured, will feel and observe all caution on the subject, as much as I will; and when you have spent a few hours with them, you will dismiss all fears of that kind. But come, dear Sir, and take some tea and refreshment; you look fatigued and anxious, come and let us be happy and cheerful together. We endeavour to live according to the heavenly rules of the Bible—though a monk and a Roman Catholic, you will have no objection to my asking God's blessing on our evening's meal, hearing a chapter of the Bible read, and kneeling with us by and by in family prayer."

The clergyman uttered these words as he brought the young stranger, leaning on his arm, to the tea-table; wishing thus to let his family know the character and religion of their unexpected guest.

The monk was found to be an honest-minded and unassuming young man, of rather pleasing and gentlemanlike manners. Several days passed away, during which many conversations of a controversial kind, but in the kindest spirit and temper on both sides, took place between him and the clergyman. On one of these occasions, the latter remarked,

“I fear, Sir, your feelings must have been a good deal hurt at the looks and words of suspicion that occurred at the time of your arrival ; but if you knew how we are circumstanced with regard to the Priests and Roman Catholic people about us, you would not be at all surprised at the caution and terror exhibited on that occasion. In the first place you see how frugally and economically we are obliged to live, both as to furniture and other necessary comforts—far below what our nominal income would warrant. But the fact is, for some years past, since what is called the Anti-tithe Conspiracy, I have received but a mere fragment of my clerical property—merely what is paid by a few Protestant gentlemen and agents ; and but for the produce of a farm at some distance, I fear my family would have been nearly starved, as those of other clergymen have been. Nearly all that is payable by Roman Catholics has been withheld from me. I should mention, however, that I owe the payment of a considerable sum a short time ago, to a circumstance which, if report speaks truth, endangered my life. I had ventured to sue in the higher courts a few of the richer Roman Catholics for sums due by them. I heard various reports that I should be assassinated for this. But after stern resistance to my demands, one

of the leading Roman Catholics came most unexpectedly forward, and with a good deal of earnestness assured me that every penny of what I was suing for would be paid immediately, taking at the same time a memorandum of the amount and items, and saying that he would see it all paid, which was accordingly done in a few days. This greatly surprised me; but some time after I met a respectable man, a Protestant, who said, 'Well, Sir, you are an instance of the preserving providence of God. The reason why you were paid your tithe was, a conspiracy was formed to shoot you for suing for it—the parties, however, quarrelled among themselves, and being afraid of each other, it was agreed to pay you lest it should come out who the guilty parties were. Sir, when we see you walk by we say, there goes a man who is an instance of the preserving care of the Almighty, or he would not be alive now.'

The clergyman also mentioned the controversial encounter he had that very day with the Priest, and the angry remarks of the latter at his venturing to interfere with the Roman Catholics in their religion.

The clergyman found his guest quite open to conviction, yet steadfast in maintaining a point till convinced by fair argument. The question whether the voice of *the Church*, or the voice of God speaking in the Bible, was to be preferred, was frequently discussed. Among other arguments, the following simple one seemed to convince him.

"What is *the Church*?" said the clergyman. "Is not every Christian a member of it as well as clergymen according to plain passages in the 15th chapter



of the Acts of the Apostles?" The monk assented to this after the chapter was read; the clergyman then said,—

"Thus, you see, Sir, that by ascertaining what *the Church* is—that it is not the clergy to the exclusion of the laity, but both together, it is quite safe to say that it is the duty of *the Church* to interpret Scripture—for this will mean that *every member of it* is bound to interpret the Bible, therefore to read and study it. If an army is bound in duty to fight for their Sovereign, then each soldier as well as each officer is bound to fight. You see, then, how the difficulty about the right or duty of private judgment is raised entirely on a false, unscriptural meaning given to the word *Church*, which vanishes the moment it is put into a scriptural sense, and establishes at once the high and solemn duty of *all* to 'search the Scriptures,' according to their Saviour's command (John v. 39)—the clergy, that they may teach both *themselves* and *their flocks* the way of salvation—the laity, that they may not only learn it *for themselves*, but avoid and 'beware of false prophets, that come to them in sheep's clothing,' as the Saviour cautions them to do." (Matt. vii. 15.)

He was also greatly struck with the passages in 1 Cor. iii., which so clearly define and limit the power of the clergy, even of the apostles themselves, "Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, as the Lord gave to every man? Paul planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase. So then, neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God who giveth the increase." (1 Cor. iii. 5-7.) And he very strongly

admitted the convincing force of a short passage in 2 Cor. i., "Not that *we* have *dominion* over your faith, but are *helpers* of your joy, for by faith ye stand." (2 Cor. i. 24.) It accorded with the principles and practice of the Protestant clergyman, who by his preaching and lectures endeavours to "help" the people to understand the Scriptures to their comfort, but does not exercise dominion over their faith, or forbid their judging of the soundness of his preaching, thus after the manner of the apostles "commending himself to every man's conscience (*or private judgment*) in the sight of God." (2 Cor. iv. 2.)

After some days, the monk proposed paying a visit to some of the brethren of the same order, in the town of —, and also to one or two elderly "Sisters of Charity," of a convent, with whom he was acquainted. On his return, he related several rather interesting occurrences that took place in his intercourse with these people. They had not the slightest suspicion of his partial change of sentiments, and doubts as to the Roman Catholic doctrines, as he had not yet made up his mind, and feared the bitter animosity and persecution any such discovery would bring upon him; they were therefore quite undisguised in their conversation and conduct before him.

On one occasion the Priests were hearing confessions. He retired into an adjoining room, waiting till it was over. While sitting there alone, the door was opened cautiously, and an interesting young girl, of about fourteen, entered, and throwing herself immediately on her knees, commenced crawling along the floor to where he was sitting on a sofa, bowing her head most

reverentially at every motion of her body towards him till she arrived at his feet.

"Father," said she, "I'm come to make my confession to you" (mistaking him for a Priest, owing to his dress).

"My little girl," said he, "I'm sorry to see you bow down before any fellow-creature in that abject manner. Such honour should be given to God alone. But, at all events, you are mistaken in me. I am not a Priest, and, therefore, have no right to hear confessions."

The little creature seemed greatly disappointed and confounded at her mistake, and retired hastily in confusion with many curtsies and blushes, to go through, probably, the same humiliating process in another room before those who do not hesitate to receive to themselves the honour that belongeth to God only. In relating this, he remarked strongly on the degrading character of such a practice in his Church.

In his interview with the Sisters of Charity there was, besides the two elderly ones he was acquainted with, a very interesting young sister, who appeared to have but recently been initiated into the mysteries of this kind of renunciation of the pomps and vanities of the world. This young creature artlessly joined in the greeting and conversation between the two elderly sisters and their monastic acquaintance. In the excitement of the moment they all three joined in some innocent merriment caused by remarks on both sides. After a little time, turning to the young one, who had artlessly made some amusing remarks, his feelings led him to say,—

"Oh, dear sister, what a pity it is that you should.

not carry that innocent liveliness of manner and speech into society! What an ornament you would be to it! What a pity that a young creature like you should be immured here like a rose in a dark cellar, never seen in the light in which it appears to me it was the design of God to place you!"

The elderly ladies seemed horror-stricken at this heretical remark. One of them attempted to put her hand on his mouth, with a severe rebuke for using such improper language, while the other endeavoured to pass it off as a mere joke, saying,—

"Oh, our lay brother is very fond of joking. We know quite well he does not mean this seriously;" neither suspecting that he was at this time more than half a Protestant, and that his thoughts were deeply engaged in marking the difference between real Christian self-denial and that which meretriciously assumes its garb, as well as in noticing the lovely influence of Gospel grace when called into hourly exercise in the daily intercourse of the family circle.

The nature of the self-denial and renunciation of the world involved in these monastic mortifications may be judged of from the following fact:—A Clergyman and his wife once paid a visit of courtesy to a middle-aged lady, who was Patroness and founder of an Institution of the kind, and was herself "a sister." She was dressed in their usual gloomy costume, with a long bead and a cross suspended. In manners she was exceedingly conversable and pleasing. In adverting to her having chosen this devoted way of serving God, she said,—

"Oh, as to balls, and theatres, and all those worldly

amusements, I have renounced them for ever *on principle*. They are quite condemned by the holy rules of our sisterhood, and as such I have taken leave of them for ever. Indeed, at the time I determined on giving them up, I made the best use I could of my remaining liberty, and went to every ball and theatre I could come at; and then I renounced them for ever." This declaration was made with much honest simplicity, and evidently without any perception of its absurdity.

It should be added that this same lady a year or two afterwards, cast away her orderly beads and gloomy habiliments, became the wife of a Roman Catholic gentleman, and, no doubt, is now a far brighter ornament to society in the discharge of her matronly duties than ever she had been in the silent, prowling rambles of a Sister of Charity, seeking materials for *merit*, self-gratulation, and the praise of man from those miseries of mankind which could be far better relieved by a neighbourly visit of mercy in the ordinary way, as is done by benevolent Protestant ladies.

After the return of the monk, according to invitation, the clergyman perceived that his fears of running the gauntlet of a public renunciation of the Roman Catholic religion, were subsiding by degrees. He, however, did not press him on the subject, but, leaving him to the convictions of his conscience, plied him with Gospel truth, and watched with much interest the progress of light in his mind. At length, on one Sunday, he had the pleasure of seeing him openly accompany the family to church, under the scoffing gaze of many Roman Catholics. It happened, too, that the Sacra-

ment of the Lord's Supper was administered that day ; and as the members of his family approached the communion rails, he had the happy pleasure of seeing the young monk in the midst of them, and of witnessing the seeming deep piety with which he partook of the memorials of a Saviour's love.

On their return to the house his fears and scruples were evidently quite gone. He not only had made up his mind to the decisive step, but declared in the strongest manner the sweet liberty and peace of conscience he enjoyed in the Church service, and especially in the sacred ordinance he had attended, holding communion with his Heavenly Father in humble confidence in the Divine mercy, and in the all-sufficient merits of Christ his Saviour.

In recounting the progress of Protestant principles and the breaking-down of deep-rooted prejudices in his mind, he said to the clergyman,—

“ You were not at all aware, Sir, how narrowly I watched from the very first moment I entered your house, and how greatly I was struck with the whole system of daily domestic duties in a truly Christian Protestant family, as contrasted with the heartless, stern, and chilling routine of monastic discipline I had been accustomed to regard as a pattern of Christian excellence. I said to myself, ‘ There is something so heavenly and kind, so loving, so cheerful, and yet so innocent, in the domestic habits and enjoyments of these people, who make the Bible their rule of faith and practice, that if “ the tree is to be known by its fruits,” surely this bids fair to be the right thing.’ I can assure you, Sir, this had a more powerful effect in

drawing my heart than all your arguments ; and I think that these latter, however conclusive, would have failed in producing a conviction of the decisive superiority of *the religion of the Bible* to any other had the former practical evidences been wanting."

The subsequent history of this interesting young man is as follows:—With great exertions and under many difficulties and privations he entered Trinity College, Dublin, with a view of being ordained to the ministry of the Church. Before he had completed his studies, he was seized with a rapid consumption, of which he died. He held his Christian Protestant principles fast to the end, and departed to his rest cheered and supported by the consolations of that free mercy and grace of which he had spoken with such heart-felt warmth when, after receiving the memorials of a Saviour's dying love at the Lord's table for the first time, as related above, he bid farewell for ever to the humanly-devised expedients of Popery.\*

\* All related in the foregoing chapter are literal facts.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE FAMILY MANSION.

It was late in the evening when the widow Desmond reached the family mansion, now occupied by her new landlord, Mr. Rylan, after the loss of the property by the former occupants, and their departure from the seat of their ancestors.

She was greatly struck with the altered aspect of the place, as she approached it through a long avenue. She had often visited it in better times, when calling to pay her rent, and used greatly to admire the taste and beauty with which the parterres and gardens of flowers and choice shrubs were laid out, and the neatness with which they were kept. The outlines of this former taste and beauty still remained, and as it was now towards the end of summer, many of the plants and flowers still put forward their claims to beauty and admiration ; but, alas ! it was a struggle between them and unsightly weeds, that were availing themselves of the same advantages as to climate, to contend for the mastery with their more delicate neighbours, and by their luxuriance threaten them with speedy extermination. To ensure the progressive desolation, a donkey, some pigs, and a flock of geese, had taken advantage of this new state of things, under which



*profit* rather than *beauty* was the order of the day, to stray from the farm-yards, and were rambling at large in the shrubberies and grass-plots.

"How it used to fret me," said Mrs. Desmond to her son William, who accompanied her, on witnessing the change, "to hear it said by my Protestant neighbours, the M'Leligans, that go where you will you will find Popery, and dirt, and meanness, joined together; but now that I can judge without prejudice, I must own it is true. My dear father was an independent man as a farmer, but till the day of his death he never thought of improving our house or place, but we had the pigs, cattle, and poultry, feeding up to our doors and windows in front; and though he had some hundreds in the bank, he allowed the pigs to come in and feed in the kitchen.\* I remark the same with all the Roman Catholic farmers,—some of them get very rich, but neither their residences nor the country shows any improvement on that account. They never rise beyond a more plentiful dinner and jug of punch, and perhaps a horse to run for a saddle on Sunday, and to send a son to Maynooth to make a priest of him, or to leave a large sum to the Priests for masses for their souls."

"I suppose, mother," said Willy, "though Mr. Rylan is now passing for a gentleman, and has got into a gentleman's house, his fine place will soon be like the rest, for he thinks more of the fat pig than he does of these *purty* flower gardens."

"Yes, my child; but those who follow God's Word will mind both one and the other, and have God's

\* A fact.

blessing ; for the Saviour says, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these (needful worldly) things shall be added unto you.' (Matt. vi. 33), and so every country will be nice and happy, or otherwise, according as the people follow God's Word or not. And it reminds me of the book George M'Leligan lent me the other day. Mr. Wylie, of Edinburgh, says, he saw it himself in all Roman Catholic countries he travelled through. \* In one place, he says, he passed over a brook from a Protestant country to a Roman Catholic one,—that he left cleanliness, improvement, and every token of happiness, independence, comfort and health, behind him ; and came at once on dirt, beggary, rags, poverty, neglect, and disease, in the Roman Catholic country. And George said he saw the same difference in the north of Ireland, where most of the people are Protestants, and have *liberty of conscience*, compared to the south, where the Priests keep the poor people in slavery. Take notice of this, Willy, my boy, and when you grow up, do all you can to keep yourself and your brothers and sisters from Popery, and (as the Scripture-reader showed me in 1 Tim. iv. 8), follow that 'Godliness which is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.' 'Tis nothing less, I am sure, than the blessing of heaven on the people that honour God so far as to treat his blessed book, the Bible, with even so much respect as to allow it to be in every house, and read by everyone that wishes, as the Protestants

\* See Wylie on the Papacy, page 48.

do, instead of making everyone think 'tis a bad book that will set people astray, as I used myself to think from always hearing the Priest cautioning the people against it. Sure, this is enough to bring down the anger of God on any country, to dishonour God's Word as they do—and so it does everywhere, and so it will keep poor Ireland in poverty, and farmers and all in their low and dirty condition, till this is put an end to. Indeed, Paddy Sullivan, the Scripture-reader, the last time he called at my house, was saying he thought it would be the case as long as Maynooth College and the National-schools were kept up by such great sums of money from the English Government; and he said it was a great mistake, and that they'd find it hard to manage Ireland as long as this was done. The next time he comes to the house I'll speak to him again about it."

Thus did this Christian mother, in the midst of all her troubles, embrace every opportunity of pointing out to her children the evils of that system of Irish slavery from which she had happily escaped.

Poor Mrs. Desmond had arranged her dress for the occasion as well as the hurried moments would allow—had put on her best Sunday cap, and her superfine blue cloth cloak, lined with black silk, and, after the fashion of the more respectable farmers' wives, which has a peculiar comeliness of its own, instead of a bonnet, had thrown the large hood over her head, and drawn the running string rather closely, so as to conceal the face as much as possible.

On reaching the hall door of the mansion, they heard the noise of pipers, fiddlers, and dancing within,

interrupted by occasional shouts of loud laughing, which seemed to be the applause of the company at some unusual display of activity in the Irish jig.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Desmond to Willy, as they waited for a reply to their knocking, "this reminds me of the wretched night I spent at the house I and my husband lodged in when we went to the town of R—— on business. They had a dancing party, and they never stopt a moment till four o'clock in the morning, jumping and pounding, roaring and laughing, and thrumming a piano as loud as a kettle-drum. Not a wink of sleep could I or my husband get; indeed, we both got *mutinous* (as my husband, who was very droll, used to say) from fretting, and got up about half-past three o'clock, and went out on the stairs, and begged of 'em to stop soon, or we'd get up and leave the house.\* And the other Sunday, when I heard Parson —— preaching against dancing-parties, I thought of the misery it must give all quiet people, and the poor servants and horses that are kept up, may be in rain and cold, waiting to take those people home when their mad fit is over; to say nothing of the bad humour they must all be in for any good business the next day. I didn't wonder that a Christian clergyman should preach against it. But, Willy, I'll warrant you the priests are at the head and tail of Mr. Rylan's dancing party."

Just at this moment a pause in the uproarious amusement within having allowed a second loud knock to be heard, a servant came out and asked what she wanted.

\* A fact.

"Please, Sir, tell Mr. Rylan that *Kitty*\* *Doherty* is at the door, and begs of him to speak to her for a few moments, on very particular business."

"I can't trouble him now, woman," said the servant, gruffly, eyeing her with that look of aversion with which a *convert* is regarded by a Roman Catholic—"His daughter was married to-day; the three clergymen (priests) are with him, and the wedding-party. We can't disturb them for *you*."

"Oh! Sir, let me beg of you just to tell him that a poor widow, with a large family, that he once wished well to, is at his door, begging to speak to him for a few minutes," clasping her hands with great earnestness, as if to move the man's pity.

The servant, giving an angry look at her, and growling some inaudible words, among which she could only hear the word "*souper*," retired, shutting the door in her face.

Mrs. Desmond, holding her boy by the hand, drew back a few paces, looking up at the windows, in the hope of seeing her landlord, and respectfully beckoning to him to come and speak to her.

In a few moments, and evidently at the instant of the delivery of her message by the servant, she observed Mr. Rylan run up hastily to the window; and on looking full in her face, as she made a respectful curtsy, she saw him turn deadly pale; and before he had time either to retire or answer her entreating look and wave of her hand towards the hall door, two

\* The Irish married women frequently call themselves, and are called by others, by their maiden name, instead of that of their husband.

Priests, one of whom was Father Lannon, had seized him by an arm on each side, whose looks and gestures clearly showed they were remonstrating with him for the weakness he was manifesting on the occasion ; and in a few seconds all retired hastily from the window, while a number of the company, of both sexes, their faces red and flushed from dancing, came in successive groups to peep out at her, some with kind and grave looks, others with scornful glances.

She was not kept long in painful suspense. The same servant, followed by several other menials, who came to gratify their curiosity by a glance at a souper under disappointment, opened the door, and told her, in a rough and stern voice, that the master was too busy, and couldn't see her upon any account ; and that if she had any message, to leave it with John Dempsy, the bailiff.

This Dempsy was step-son to James O'Connor, was the server of the ejectment, and a bitter enemy to the converts.

It was now nightfall, and the poor widow retired to hasten home before dark, saying :—

“ Well, Willy, my dear child, 'tis no use, the priests will not allow Mr. Rylan to show any mercy to a jumper, as they call me. 'Tis God's will, however ; and, as I have earnestly committed it to my heavenly Father in prayer, I'm sure 'tis all for the best. My only prayer now is that He will give his poor, unworthy Kitty Doherty grace to bear it with patience, and not to deny Him before men, for fear He'd deny me before his heavenly Father and the angels, and to leave all in the hands of my loving Saviour.”

"Oh ! mother," said Willy, "when you were after talking to the servant, and going away, I looked up at one of the upper windows, and who should I see there but the landlord, holding his hand up to his forehead, and looking out at us as if he didn't wish us to see him. I noticed he looked very mournful. May be he'd do something good for us by and bye."

"Ah ! no, my child ; I have no hope of that while he's under the influence of the priests. Father Lannon told me, plainly and honestly, it was his duty to the Church not to spare me. I wish I could be as faithful to my dear Saviour as they are to what they call 'the Church.' But I believe our adversary the devil helps people to do what's wrong, and hinders 'em, as far as he can, from doing what is right ; so that, in this bad world, those that have false religion will find it far easier to be stedfast and faithful in it than those will who follow the truth. As Paddy Sullivan said the other day, '*the more false, the more fervent.*'"

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE EVIL CONSEQUENCES OF A RUNAWAY MATCH.

A FEW days after the events recorded in the preceding chapter, the Widow Desmond made another attempt to obtain an interview with her landlord, but with no better success. Mr. Rylan was from home, and the servants told her that even if he had been there, he was too much in trouble about his own family affairs to attend to her, and that they had strict orders from the Priest not to allow any jumpers or soupers about the place. The door was shut in her face before she had time to make any further inquiry.

She reached her home with a heavy heart, and on entering was surprised to find James O'Connor and his daughter, Eileen, there. Poor James was sitting on a chair, Eileen was in tears standing by him, with her arm round her father's neck, and with a handkerchief wiping off some blood from his face, and giving the children an account of what had happened to him. They were all weeping with sympathy at the recital of the cruel details.

It appeared that James and his daughter had been that very day turned out of their own house \* by his step-son, John Dempsey, aided by James's own wife.

\* A fact.



and another step-son who had come from a distant part of the country to assist on the occasion, and a large mob of the Romish people of the neighbourhood, who acted with great violence, and beat him. James, after the loss of a considerable farm he had held, had purchased the interest in this cabin and the small plot of ground attached to it, originally included in the Widow Desmond's farm, from his step-son, Dempsey; but in his unsuspecting confidence had allowed the article of agreement to remain in the hands of the wife and step-son. This circumstance had been taken advantage of by these people; and on hearing poor James and Eileen cursed from the altar, and orders given to root the soupers out by all possible means, they had proceeded to carry the cruel injunction into effect in due form, with much violence. The Dispensary doctor,\* a Protestant gentleman, happened to come up just after the occurrence, and on his asking why so shameful a thing was done, was answered by Dempsey, *that it was done under the orders of the Priest*. This was said in such a way as to show that the *poor man really thought that acting under the orders of a Priest was apology enough for any sort of enormity, however dreadful*.

"O, what is all this for?" exclaimed Mrs. Desmond. "Have the people been carrying out the orders of the Priest, to give the poor soupers no quarter?"

James and Eileen having given the details of the outrage, and that they were thankful to escape with their lives, he added,

"Indeed, Mrs. Desmond, dear, I'm very glad of it on one account—they can't now blame *you* for not

\* A fact.

turning me out, as they wanted you to do ; and as they blames me and my colleen there for bringing in Paddy Sullivan, and getting you the Bible, and say that but for us you wouldn't turn ; may be, as we are gone, you'd be able to pick better quarters out of 'em."

"Oh, I have no hope of that at all, James, my poor fellow. I tried twice to see my landlord ; but the Priests won't allow him to show the poor widow any mercy. I'm always praying for poor Mr. Patrick Rylan, that God would turn his heart that he shouldn't be the slave of the priests. I think he wouldn't do as he's doing, only he thinks the Priest can shut him out of heaven if he pleases. You know that's what all of 'em thinks, as we used ourselves formerly ; but thanks be to God, we now know for certain who alone can do that—the blessed Saviour himself. There it is in the Priests' own Bible,—'Fear not ; I am the first and the last ; and alive, and was dead, and behold I am living for ever and ever, and I have the keys of death and of hell.' 'These things saith the holy One and the true ; He that hath the key of David ; He that openeth and no man shutteth, shutteth and no man openeth.'"  
(Rev. i. 17, 18 ; and iii. 7.)

"Oh, then," said James, "Patrick Rylan (and sure that was what we all called him afore he turned gentleman,) have trouble enough now, by all accounts, in his own family."

"So I heard the servant say ; but what happened to him, James ? The servant shut the door in my face, and gave me no explanation."

"Indeed, Mrs. Desmond, I don't think, though it

was done by your brother, William Doherty, you ought to be in any trouble about it."

"My brother?" exclaimed she. "What did he do? Did he rob him?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Desmond; but you see Miss Betty Rylan, the eldest daughter, ran away with him they say *she* first moved the running away, being she was jealous of her younger sister to be married afore herself. Poor Mr. Rylan is gone looking for her in great trouble; but 'tis too late, for afore they went away they say they had everything settled to be married by the priest at —, where they went."

"Well, I'm glad they're married; and now William won't be teasing your dear girl, Eileen, there, as he was doing. I'm glad she refused him; and 'tis my opinion he wouldn't have married one so much older than him, as Mr. Rylan's daughter, only he was so fretted at being refused by Eileen; indeed, I fear my poor brother will not make a good husband to any woman, as he's very passionate, and fond of the public-house."

Eileen, whose countenance had betrayed some emotion at hearing of William's marriage, said, "I'm thankful to God that gave me grace to take Cousin Maureen's advice. I refused him only because he was a Roman. I didn't know he was passionate and fond of the public-house; but I thank my heavenly Father that knew that, and that kept me out of his power."

"Indeed, Mrs. Desmond," said James, "I see being a Roman was cause enough for my colleen to refuse him, good match as he'd be seemingly; for even when

they are not passionate and fond of drink, they'll thrate them that wish to follow God's word badly, at the Priest's bidding—no doubt William would lade my colleen the life of a dog if she refused going to mass with him. Sure though Miss —, the Protestant young lady, was married to Mr. —, the Roman, by a minister, he never allowed the poor thing to go inside the church they were married in ever after, and forced her to go to mass\* with him; and I'm tould she's fretting herself night and day about it. The minister can't get near her to spake to her. When he managed to get a few minutes to spake to her one time in the house of her husband, she tould him all, but begged he wouldn't call any more, or they'd make her case far worse. She desarved what she got, for she too ran away from her father's house; and them that do the likes never have a day's luck after."

"And," continued James, "what can we expect from them that done what they did the other day to poor ould Thomas R——, and his poor ould wife.† She was a convert for no less than three years, and lay a dying. Well, the minister, Mr. F——, was after talking to her about the dear Saviour, and praying with her, and at last, when she could hear and understand no more, for death was upon her, in rushed Mr. H——, the priest, and a mob of wicked men and women. Poor ould Thomas, the husband, who was hardly able to move, he was so sickly, tould the Priest he wasn't wanted, and that he knew his poor wife didn't want him. The Priest pushed the poor ould

\* A fact.

† A fact. See "Dublin Sentinel" of April 7, 1855.

man down on a chair, brought the crowd of wicked people about the poor woman's bed, putting hot pans to her feet by the Priest's order, by way of her being alive (for 'tis thought she was then dead), while he was 'nointing her. The Priest then wanted to say mass for her soul, and asked the poor woman's brother to consent, but he wouldn't. The Priest put out his tongue at the Scripture-reader who was there, and, without any occasion, gave him very abusive language, and then went away with his unruly mob. What can we expect, Mrs. Desmond, from them that are under pastors that will do the likes of that? Sure, they'd give me all the world, the time Paddy was dying, if I'd get him to have the Priest. But my poor brother Paddy (God be with him and his angel daughter Maureen) was too steadfast for 'em, thanks be to God, and turned *us* to the dear Saviour, instead of us turning him to the Priest."

"I hope, James, my poor man, these bad people didn't hurt you seriously. What a dreadful thing to have your own wife join with 'em against you!"

"Thank God, I'm not much hurt; but if I was, I'd care little for it, if I could only have my poor two children, Paddy and Peggy; but sure my wife have kept 'em from me in spite of me;\* and 'twill be a dreadful thing to have 'em kept from the school where they'd larn *the book*."

"Oh! yes, Mrs. Desmond," said Eileen, "that's a dreadful thing. I did my best to bring my little brother and sister away along with me; but poor mammy said she never would part 'em, and that 'twas

\* A fact.

bad enough for us to be soupers without them. We can only pray to God for 'em now."

"Well, James and Eileen, I fear 'tis little I can now do for you, as they intend to turn *me* out also; but while I have a house over my head, and a bit to eat, you shall share it, and ten thousand welcomes. You can have the bed in the settle, in the kitchen, and Eileen can sleep with my little girls."

## CHAPTER X.

### A STRANGE, BUT TRUE STORY.

POOR James O'Connor was so honestly indignant at the treatment his kind benefactress, Mrs. Desmond, was receiving, that he was constantly bringing to mind and speaking of what he called "the Priest's doings," which he formerly had thought all right, but now regarded with abhorrence. Among many other things he recorded to their discredit, he said, one evening, as they sat round the fire:—

"All the world wouldn't persuade me, Mrs. Desmond, but the priests had a hand in that *quare* story they tells about Biddy, my wife's, family."

"I heard something about that; but I beg you'll tell me all about it, James. Whatever it is, the people all believe it; but I never heard the Priests blamed for it."

"Well, may be not; but you can judge for yourself when you hear it all. One part of the story, anyhow, no man could believe but them that are kept in ignorance by the priests. But, *to make a long story short*, they believes that my wife's mother, and her brothers and sisters, were born after their mother was

dead, and came to life again ! \* What they say is this :—

“ ‘ Her mother died quite young, leaving one little boy, an infant in the cradle. About a month after her death her husband was woke in the dead hour of night by a noise in the house. He looked out towards the kitchen, and who should he see by the light of the fire but his wife who was dead, and she taking up her little infant out of the cradle. She took it careful in her arms, kissed it, and sat down by the fire, and nursed it at her breast, as he thought.

“ ‘ He was nearly frightened out of his life at first ; but the woman looked so like his wife that he was so fond of, that he kept watching her from the bedroom door to see what would she do. After about an hour, she put the infant back careful into the cradle, and went out the door.

“ ‘ Well, she came in this manner for several weeks, and did the same thing, nursed the child, put it back careful in the cradle, and went out again.

“ ‘ He was often very near spaking to her, and asking her to come back and stay with him, but his heart failed him every time.

“ ‘ At last, after coming in this way for a good while, she stopped coming entirely ; and her husband then was very sorry he let her go that way, and that may be if he had stopped her, she might stay with him. And he said if she came again he'd not be such a fool, but take courage, and come between her and the door, and ask her to stay.

\* A fact, as believed and related by the people of the place where it is said to have occurred.



“ ‘Well, after some weeks, she did come again ; and just as she was putting the child back to go away, out he runs, and gets between her and the door ; and, says he, “ Mary, my own dear wife, arn’t you as fond of your poor husband as you are of the child ? Won’t you come and stay with your poor John that’s breaking his heart after you ? ” and he shaking all the time with the fright.

“ Oh, don’t touch me, John,” says she, “ you can’t have me that way ; and if you try to stop me that way, you’ll lose me for ever. But only just be careful to hearken to what I’ll tell you to do, and if you do every thing as I’ll bid you, you’ll have me back again.”

“ Oh, then, Mary, mo gríne cree,” says he, “ I’ll do anything in the world for you, only come back to your poor John, that’s so lonesome after you.”

“ Well,” says she, “ what you’ve to do is this : you know the ford over the river S——, near where the fairies dropt a piece of the old Church of M——, that they were carrying in the air to where it now is.\* Go to that ford, John,” says she, “ on such a night a little before midnight. Take a stick and some holy water with you, and draw a round line or ring on the sand just by the ford, *and sprinkle it all over with the holy water the Priest blessed.* Then stand inside the ring, and for your life don’t venture out of it. Coming on twelve o’clock at night you’ll hear the most dreadful yelling and *yowling* of a great crowd of people all coming down the hill on horses, like people going to a funeral, with the women behind them on the horses. They’ll do all they can to frighten you away ; but

\* The belief in this by the people is also a fact.

don't you be in dread of 'em, as long as you keep inside the holy water ring. The last of 'em all, you'll see me, behind a man on a grey horse. We'll pass close by the ring, and if you hold out your hands, I'll jump into your arms and go home with you.'

"Well, the husband then let her go, and the next day he went to his two brothers, and told 'em, and asked 'em to come along with him on the night she appointed. One of 'em said he wouldn't go for the world—the other promised to go, but when the night came he was afeered to go; so the husband went himself. And sure enough, about midnight, such other screeching and *yowling* was never heard, of all the people coming down the hill to the ford. But the husband had good courage, and stood his ground like a man all through, inside the holy water ring. And there, sure enough, he saw his wife behind the man on the grey horse. She jumped into his arms and went home with him; and there can be no manner of doubt but Biddy, my wife's mother, and some of her brothers and sisters were born after she came home, for there they are about the country."

"I suppose, James, the part of the story you don't believe is, that the woman was dead at all, all the time. All the rest must be true, as it is so well known."

"Wisha, then, Mrs. Desmond, who'd believe *that* part of it, but such ignorant cratures as them that haven't *the book* to enlighten 'em? They believes anything but what's in the Book."

"But, James, what makes you suspect the Priests had any hand in it?"

“Well, may’be I wrong ’em in thinking so ; and I have no proof of it barrin’ the virtue of *the holy water* ; and above all, because after the woman came back, *the Priest that was there at that time charged her never to say where she was, or what she was about during her absence, or to answer any inquiries about it.* I know the people believe it all just as I told you, and they have no suspicion of the Priest or any one else in regard of it.”

## CHAPTER XI.

### A FATAL MISTAKE.

DURING the interval that occurred before the execution of the ejectment, these poor persecuted souls enjoyed much peaceful communion with each other and the Scripture-reader, who always found not only an *Irish* but a *Christian* Irish welcome in the Widow Desmond's house.

Mrs. Desmond, before her conversion had always intended to get one of her sons into Maynooth College, to make a Priest of him, and with that view, as well as to please the Priest, sent her children to the *National School*, which was built in the chapel yard, and, like all such schools in the south of Ireland, was entirely under the control of the Priests. She now, however, withdrew them, and sent them to a scriptural school, in connexion with the Church Education Society.

Like all real converts to the truth, she lost no fair opportunity of saying a word for her heavenly Master, and endeavouring to induce the Roman Catholic farmers to read the Bible, or attend the controversial lectures of the Irish Church Missions, and had managed to circulate a number of their little papers and hand-bills.

There was a farmer of the name of Paddy Healy, with whom she and the Scripture-reader were so far successful as to induce him to come several times to her house to argue out of the Scriptures; this man being an exceedingly shrewd and intelligent controversialist, one day a discussion took place, which led to his ceasing his visits, and caused her and the Scripture-reader to say they had little hopes of any extensive success among the farming class, in the present state of things in Ireland. It was as follows:—

*Scripture-reader.*—"Now, Paddy Healy, you see I gave answers to all your objections and arguments against the Protestant religion, and have shown you that it is the *way* you ought to follow, and that the Bible is the only rule of faith, and the Lord Jesus Christ is the only Priest we ought to confess to, and get his absolution by faith in his precious blood."

*Farmer.*—"I beg your pardon, Misther Sullivan, I have one more argument against you that I am sure nather you nor any Protestant can answer."

*Scripture-reader.*—"And what is that, Misther Healy?"

*Farmer.*—"Why, if our religion is the bad thing you Protestants pretend to think it, why, for all that, do the Protestants pay so much money to have it taught in Ireland? Answer me that, Misther Sullivan. I tell you what it is, we often thinks and talks of this very thing among ourselves. Some of us the other evening were talking about the little papers the Irish Church Missions gives out, and the placards they puts up agen our religion. Well, we got two or three of 'em, and Jerry Leary was sayin 'twas hard to

answer 'em, and that if 'twas thrue that our religion is not found in our own Bible, and if the Protestant religion can be found there, we wor all in a bad case; and that we ought to look to the thing in time. Well, to tell you the truth, some of us wor very much troubled in mind about the thing, and some said they'd get the Douay Bible to see was it so. But up gets Garret Redmond the farmer, and says he, 'You foolish people, do you believe the Protestants when they says they thinks our religion is bad? Do you think they'd give all the money they do if they really believed it was the bad thing they pretend? Sure they give thirty thousand a-year to have Priests provided for us at Maynooth; sure only for this we'd hardly have a Priest at all, at all, now that we're so poor, and so many gone to America. Aye, and look at all them National schools, where no Bible can come to "demoralize" our children, as the Priest says it would, and where our religion is so well taught. Why, I'm tould they give about two hundred thousand pounds a-year for that. And see how, in our own parish, we have no less than four National schools supported by Protestant money. And I'm tould the ministher can't get a penny from 'em for his Bible schools.' Do you think, Misther Sullivan, them great and larned Protestants would do so much for our religion and so little for their own, only they're in doubt, like, of their own, and thinks ours thrue, though they are ashamed to say so, and have worldly reasons for being Protestants. I tell you that's what we're all saying, Misther Sullivan; and so we don't trouble ourselves to be readin the Bible, or the Church Missions papers,

or goin to your sarmons and Meetins. Our answer to them that says our religion is not in our Bible is, that we plainly sees our religion is in the hearts of them Protestants that gives us the money. And, sure, many of 'em in England turned over to our religion, and that, too, makes us think we're right. Now you don't see any of us showin' we're in doubt of our religion by givin' our money to have the Protestant religion taught."

*Scripture-reader.*—"Well, I must own there is truth in what you say, and I'm sorry such a stumbling-block should be put in the way of the Irish Roman Catholics, and I'm sure many of them that does it think the Bible can get into the national schools, because the National Board tells 'em it may, only the parents of the children may object to the Bible, and shut it out."

*Farmer.*—"Oh, then, my blessin to the Board for that rule. Sure, they wor thiakin of having the Bible in the national school near me, but the priest comes to me, and says he, 'Take care, Paddy Healy, and tell your little boy Johnny when he goes to school next to go to the Masther and say, "Sir, my daddy and mammy objects to have the Bible read in the school." Sure they can do that in all the schools, and so the Bible can't come in there to 'demoralize' our children. Why, I'm afeard we'd be all set asthray long ago, and may be turn Protestants, only for that fine rule. Sure, I'm tould that before the national schools wor set up there wor many hundred thousand Catholic children all readin the Bible in Ireland.\* 'Twas well for us and

\* "Still keeping on the side of caution ..... in 1831, or before

for the Priests *that* didn't go on, or Ireland would be Protestant long ago."

*Scripture-reader*.—"Well, Paddy Healy, I must tell you I have great hopes the time is coming when this won't be done any longer. Why, *man alive*, what do you think, but 'tis reported one of Her Majesty's Ministers said lately, he was afraid that Parliament was getting too Protestant entirely, and that they might even repeal the Emancipation if it was tried."

*Farmer*.—"Well, sorrow the bit we'd care, many of us, if *that* was done. Sure 'tis not any good to us to have Misther this or Misther that get into Parliament. 'Tis a feather in their own cap they wants, and little they cares how we're thrated when once they gets in. Bad luck to that Emancipation, says I. Sure many a good penny Misther O'Connell and the Priests got out of our pocket to get it. Sure the day the news came that 'twould be granted, I met Tim Murphy over there, and says I, 'Oh, Tim, we'll be *made* for ever. Sure the Emancipation is comin.' 'Wisha, then,' says he, 'is it? Which road will it come? Will it come by the coach?' I showed Tim what a foolish notion he had of the thing, and to say that; and I explained to him, as I then foolishly thought, how we'd be *made* by it, for we'd have the same luck with

the foundation of the (Irish) National-school system, 300,000 poor Romanists were daily receiving education in scriptural schools throughout Ireland." Such is the admission of a friend of the Board, the Rev. Dr. Martin, in his pamphlet. This promising seed-plot was blighted by the Government measure, by which the Holy Scriptures have been excluded.—AUTHOR.



the Protestants, for I always see by 'em that they have good luck beyond us. Poor Tim was overjoyed when I explained it to him, and says he, 'Oh, Misther Healy, I'm so glad to hear we'll be all raised to luck like the Protestants. Why, Misther Healy, I tell you what it is, I'm thinkin to bind my son to a Judge when the Emancipation comes.' But 'tis little poor Tim or myself got by it afther all—only to set us fightin with our Landlords for fear the Priest would curse us. Sure nothing would do 'em but to make a law to have us registered as voters, whether we liked it or not, and so to bring us into throuble. Besides this, we had to make up the Catholic rint for Misther O'Connell and the Priests. But, then, Misther Sullivan, I hope you didn't see anything in the paper about taking away the grant to Maynooth or the national schools. Oh, that would be very bad in earnest."

*Scripture-reader.*—"And why do you object so much to that, Misther Healy, being you don't care about the Emancipation, you say?"

*Farmer.*—"And why wouldn't I, Misther Sullivan, care about it? Sure there's my little boy Johnny: I'm thinkin to make a Priest of him by and by, and how could I do that if Maynooth College wasn't supported for us? Sure 'tis a great thing we havn't to pay for that College ourselves, nor for the school for our children nather, barrin a thrifle. I tell you what it is, Mr. Sullivan: if we had the burthen of payin for the thrainin of our clergy and for the schoolin too, I'm afeard many of us would be bad enough to get tired of the Priests and lave 'em entirely, and, may be,

send our children to the ministher's school. That's between you and me, Misther Sullivan ; and I wouldn't say it to any one but you, only I know you won't mention my name, for the Priest wouldn't like it all, at all. But 'tis nothin but the good thruth. I tell you we'd soon get tired of the Priests, only the English money *makes the thing so aisy* to us, and keeps us and the Priests sich good friends. Besides, how could we make Priests of our children only Maynooth is kept up for us ; and if we fell out with the Priests we couldn't get our children to college, or get a parish for 'em afther. I tell you again, it must be the Protestants have *a great veneration* for our religion, or else they wouldn't keep up the thing so finely for us. 'Tis my opinion the Catholic religion would be lost in Ireland only for this. And it shows me, Misther Sullivan, that you all believe in your hearts that our religion is thrue. I'm sure of one thing, anyhow, and that is that the Government have no wish to banish our religion from Ireland ; and I'm thankful to 'em for it, being I intend sendin Johnny to Maynooth, with the Priest's recommendation, next year."

*Scripture-reader*.—Oh, but Mr. Healy, sure you've all obliged to pay the Priests their dues for masses and the like. I wonder that don't make you tired of 'em, as well as paying for the education of the Priests and your children would, as you say."

*Farmer*.—"Now, I wondher at you, Misther Sullivan, to be so foolish. Sure you know we gets good value for *that* money. We believes we gets the poor father, or the poor mother, or some one else we loved dearly, out of purgathory by that money ; aye, and by going to con-

fession we gets absolution for our sins, and other heavenly blessings for that money. And sure 'tis enough for us to have to pay for them heavenly things. I tell you I know many a farmer (and maybe I'd be bad enough to do it myself if I was tempted), that would look two or three times at our money afore we'd give it to the Priest for a school or a college, afther payin him his other dues. But see *how easy the thing is made for us*, and how well the fine ould ancient faith is kept up in Ireland by that manes. *We Irish farmers all have our little Johnnies or our little Paddies that we thinks to make Priests of 'em by and by*, while we can have the thing done so nicely for us by English money; and so we all keeps well with the Priests, and our families are all connected with 'em, and they with us; and so the thrue faith holds on in Ireland, and no thanks to Mither Dallas and the Irish Church Missions."

*Scripture-reader.*—"Well, Paddy Healy, I'm sorry to say you have the best end of the argument on this point; but don't be glad of that, for I tell you 'tis so much the worse for you and for poor Ireland; aye, and so much the worse for England too, for while this is done "*the Irish difficulty*" (as they calls it in the newspaper) will go on still in spite of 'em. 'Tian't for a poor man like me to spake agen them that God has set over us, for God bids me not to spake evil of 'em, but to respect and obey them. But if they asked me to tell my mind about the thing, Oh, I'd tell 'em how often 'tis *thrown in my face* when I'm thrying to bring my poor countrymen to be free like the English, and to read God's Word, that it must be the Protestants have

*a great veneration* for the Roman Catholic religion, or they wouldn't do the like. I'd tell 'em 'twas my opinion that it is this very thing keeps Ireland poor, and dirty, and miserable—like Spain and Italy, and those countries where the people have no liberty of conscience, and are the slaves of Priests. I'd tell 'em 'tis my opinion this is the chief reason why our good work has come to a dead lock (as they say) at the farming class, because the Priests and they are kept together in one corporation like—in one pull and a strong pull against truth and liberty by the great mistake of giving so many thousands a-year for the support of Popery in Ireland, and for *making priestcraft easy* to the Irish people. Why, Misther Healy, 'tis my rare opinion that if them that are doing it knew the bad it is doing they'd sooner put their hand in the fire than do the like any more. I think they'd sooner put up a caution about the thing over the gate of Maynooth College, and over the door of every national school in the south of Ireland in these words:—

‘A FATAL MISTAKE ; OR,  
PRIESTCRAFT MADE EASY FOR THE  
IRISH PEASANTRY HERE.’”

---

The Author can assure his readers that what the Roman Catholic farmer expresses in dialogue in the foregoing pages, as to the construction put *by his class* upon the Maynooth Grant, &c., together with the Scripture-reader's honest lamentation over such a

hindrance to his work, really occurred in fact in the presence of the Author ; and, he may add, that Scripture-reader is one who has not yet fully recovered from the effects of a cruel beating he got from a Roman Catholic mob. These poor bigoted people are sharp enough to frame this argument in favour of their own religion, but cannot at all comprehend the *mistake* or the *inconsistency* to which more enlightened persons will ascribe such acts of temporising expediency. This is not to be wondered at, as they are never inconsistent themselves, but refuse aid to Protestantism as long as, in ignorance and bigotry, they deem it heretical and erroneous. His readers may be assured that it gives a real-life view of the practical working of the Maynooth and national-school systems in Ireland, and also that, owing to the diminished population of the latter country, that College furnishes a low and narrow-minded priesthood as missionaries for England and the whole world, as has been truly stated in Parliament.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE TURNING OUT.

DISAPPOINTED in every attempt to induce her landlord to relax in his measures for dispossessing her, the Widow Desmond made the best use of the intervening time to prepare for this distressing event, by disposing of such articles of property and furniture as could be done without. From the unwillingness of the people around, however, with the exception of a few scattered Protestant families at some distance, to speak to or hold any intercourse with her, she found it hard to get purchasers, and was obliged to part with her things at a great loss. She still had some faint hopes of not being turned out, and therefore made only a conditional agreement with a Protestant in the town of R—, some miles off, to hire unfurnished lodgings to which she might take her remaining beds and furniture, and bring her family. Having made these arrangements, she waited for a reply to an earnest petition she had forwarded to Mr. Rylan as a last resort.

One day as a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. R— R—, was travelling through that part of the country, he observed three or four covered cars come on in the same direction he was travelling,

driving at rather a furious pace. In them he observed, as they passed him, a number of ill-looking fellows, whose aspect showed they were on some errand of mischief or cruelty. In one of them he observed a very respectable-looking man, whose countenance seemed to betoken much anxiety and excitement. They passed on quickly, and were soon out of sight. A few miles further on, he came up to the car in which this gentleman was, and noticing that it had stopped while the other cars had proceeded about a quarter of a mile further on, he ordered the driver of his own car to stop, intending to make inquiry of this person if there was anything amiss. On approaching the other car, however, the stranger, who had been looking eagerly after the other vehicles, on the moment of his catching his eye, drew back hastily and closed the curtains.

He did not venture to intrude on him after this broad hint, but bid his driver proceed at their former pace.

On proceeding some way further,\* he observed a crowd of persons around a neat and respectable-looking house a short distance before him; and in the distance heard what seemed to be the cries of children and others in distress, mingled with threats and imprecations from the rough voices of men. He moved quickly towards them to ascertain what they were doing. As he approached nearer he observed great commotion—some hurrying here and there, some struggling, some resisting, some crying, some laughing and shouting. He hastened up to the spot and ascertained that they were ejecting by force, a widow

\* A fact.

with a large family; and "there," said a man that he inquired of, "there is the landlord at a distance, sitting in his car looking on, after giving the orders to his men; but, Sir, she's a souper, and she brought it on herself."

At the moment of his arrival, the men were flinging out the furniture without any regard to its being torn and broken, and the resistance appeared to be with a view to saving it from destruction by handling and taking it out more carefully. He observed a poor man and a comely-looking country girl near the door, earnestly entreating the men not to break the things, but to allow them to take them out quietly. No regard was, however, paid to these entreaties. The old man and the girl were pushed and knocked about whenever they came in the way, and then forcibly seized and turned out the door. He next heard bitter crying as of young children within; and in a few moments out came a number of fierce-looking fellows, dragging by their clothes and arms a number of neatly-dressed and interesting-looking children, the eldest seemingly about ten or eleven years of age, all crying bitterly, holding out their little hands and arms towards the door, and crying with frantic entreaties, "Oh, poor Mammy! oh, let us back to dear Mammy! oh, don't hurt—don't kill poor Mammy." Lastly, amidst harsh voices uttering imprecations, and crying "hould your tongue you jumper—you souper—you *goat*,"\* he heard a gentle female voice saying, "Oh, my poor men, I don't blame *you*—don't pull me—don't drag me—I'm willing to go out myself—'tis the will of God

\* Another Popish epithet for a convert.



—my Saviour suffered more—his will be done—I only wanted to save my children from being hurt and my furniture broken—don't think I want to resist the law—'tis a Christian's duty to obey and submit to it."

In a moment he observed this poor widow dragged from the door into the road. He never saw a more broken-hearted looking object than she appeared to be. Her gentle voice and entreating manner, accompanied by a look of deep excitement, showed she was making every effort to keep herself calm and resigned amidst this strife of tongues; but anxiety about her little ones, and the rude and rough handling she saw them receive and received herself from these brutes in human form, appeared for the moment to be too much for poor human nature, even though assisted by Divine grace. Her face was much swelled; she had both her eyes blackened, where these poor Irishmen, who in carrying out the cruel commands of the Church, are always divested of their usual kindness of heart, especially towards females, had actually struck her a severe blow\*—her clothes were torn, her children were crying about her, her furniture was cast about in all directions, and, as she did not expect the execution of the order of law so soon, she had no house or home to go to for the night, as none were either willing or dare venture to give shelter to a souper, under the ban of the Priest and the displeasure of the landlord.

The clergyman asked some of those who were looking on (who were Romanists) what her character was, and he learned from them that she was industrious, honest, and well-conducted; indeed they

\* A fact.

said there was not one for twenty miles round who was more so; but that she had injured herself by turning "jumper"—that the landlord had been obliged to go to some expense to have her ejected—and that they believed if it had cost him ten times as much he would willingly have done it, as he was determined not to have a jumper on his property.

Neither was this a solitary specimen of intolerance. Another gentleman, passing through a part of that country, about this time, thus reports:—

"A Roman Catholic landlord has got part of Mr. ——'s property here, on which the converts live. He has thrown down the houses of many of them. I saw eight families, one Sunday morning, sleeping by the roadside, where they had lain all night, without the least shelter from the rain—and the night was one of the most severe I ever recollect—their houses having been thrown down after sunset the previous evening, without notice being given them, by a band of bigoted ruffians, employed by this man, who thought they were doing God service in exterminating 'jumpers.' The houses of the Romanists were not touched. Some of the converts offered their rents, and they were not accepted; nor were they allowed to carry away the timber of their cabins to build huts elsewhere." \*

But to return to Mrs. Desmond, for this was the poor, ejected widow. Night was now drawing on, and this poor, disconsolate widow had no prospect but

\* "Banner of Truth," 1851, p. 136. See also "A Protestant in Ireland in 1853," p. 139. Seeley's, Fleet-street, and Hanover-street, London.

of spending it with her children under a hedge, as she had not time to send where she hoped to obtain a cart or two to convey her beds and furniture to the village where she had provisionally engaged lodgings; as has been mentioned before, at the house of a Protestant.

Providentially the weather was fine; so, assisted by James O'Connor and Eileen, she and the children dragged the scattered things into the best sheltered and most retired corner they could find.

The gazing crowd had retired; and, as soon as she found herself and her little circle of persecuted ones alone, she became quite calm and collected, and said:—

“James and Eileen dear, and all of you, my dear children, let us kneel down here together, and ask the merciful guidance of our heavenly Father. I was reading last night, in St. Peter’s first epistle, that the followers of Christ are not to be surprised if they suffer these things, ‘as if some new thing happened unto you (reading it out of the Douay Bible); but if you partake of the sufferings of Christ, rejoice that, when his glory shall be revealed, you may also be glad with exceeding joy. If you be reproached for the name of Christ, you shall be blessed; for that is for the honour, glory, and power of God; and that which is his Spirit resteth upon you.’ ”

Immediately they all fell on their knees, and she poured out her heart in a simple prayer:—

“Good and loving Father in heaven, oh! that I could pray to thee as I heard thy faithful servant Parson ——— pray; but though I cannot find his fine words, my heart prays, and I’m sure the hearts of all

these poor souls are praying too. Look, heavenly Father, down out of that beauteous and soft evening sky, gilded all with gold and roses, as if to show that thy glory is there within it—look down, Father in heaven, upon us, all poor outcasts from our earthly dwellings, only because we love and like thy blessed book, the Bible, which tells us of a loving Saviour that never casts out any that come to Him. Oh! make us think that to be cast out by thee is the only bad thing that could happen to us: help us to bear all things for his sake who bore the cross for us. And now, loving heavenly Father, here we are under this broad sky, and night coming on; do thou shelter us, and keep us; especially keep these my young and tender children, from perishing, or losing their health with cold before morning.”

Just at this moment they were interrupted and startled by the sudden arrival of two carts coming up at a quick pace. They stopped on the road, and in a moment two rough-looking men jumped over the hedge, quite close to the them.

Before the affrighted converts had time to ask an explanation, one of the men exclaimed:—

“Come, ma’am, don’t delay; ’tis getting late. The Rev. Mr. R.— have sent me to take your things to the town where you told him to-day you had lodgings engaged. And this man here, it seems, is come for the same purpose. He overtook me on the road, and told me so, when he heard where I was going; but I couldn’t get out of him who sent him. He asked what that was to me? and not to ask him, for if ’twas known he told who sent him, he’d get no payment, and lose his

employment. He's a stranger to me. 'Tis well, any how, he came, as my car couldn't take all the things."

"Oh! then, God bless dear, good Mr. R——, the minister," exclaimed Mrs. Desmond. "I knew he'd do what he could for us, he felt so much when he saw the way we were used. And God bless the other good friend, whoever he is; may I have an opportunity of making him a return before I die." Then, turning to the man, she said,—

"I won't ask *you*, my man, who sent you; I know it was somebody that was afraid of the Priest, but still has a good heart to pity a poor convert. Tell him I hope I'll live to see him happy, and to make him some return for his kindness. Tell him he shall have the prayers of myself and my children; and I know God hears and answers prayer. Sure, then, glory to Him for his mercy, He answered our prayer here, by the ditch side, before we finished it, by sending the two cars to take us to a place of shelter."

In a very short time the two men, aided by James O'Connor and the others, packed all the things tidily on the cars, and all set off for the town of C——, where, after encountering many taunts and reproaches along the road, they arrived after nightfall. The two men gave every assistance in the bringing in of the furniture; and though the widow Desmond offered them money, and pressed them to take it, neither of them would accept a penny; the strange man, however, requesting, as the only favour, that she'd make no inquiries about who sent him.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE RESCUE.

ALTHOUGH the Widow Desmond, with that hospitable sympathy for one another for which even the poorest Irish converts are remarkable, used every endeavour to persuade James O'Connor and Eileen to remain with her and share the residue of her means of subsistence, she could not succeed, as they both declared they would rather beg than be a burden to their kind benefactress, now that she had to support her large family in lodgings. She, on the other hand, declared that she owed far more than all that to them, in having been the means of imparting to her "the unsearchable riches of Christ;" and she referred to the interesting remark of Paul to Philemon (ver. 19), in that touching little epistle which she had been reading in the Protestant Bible—the version she now preferred, after having compared the two together. James, however, insisted on going into the poor-house, in case he could not induce his wife and stepson to let him back into his house, or get employment from some Protestant farmer or gentleman; and Eileen said she would try to get employment as a servant, till she could earn as much as would take her to America, where her cousin Maureen

had told her she should have a hearty welcome at any time.

In neither of these respects could he succeed. The poor, bigoted wife and stepson, under the influence of the Priests, were more bitter against him than ever—and when he met his own two children near his former dwelling, he found that *they had been actually trained or terrified into not speaking to their father!*\* And, to the eternal disgrace of the few original Protestants of the locality, not one of them would employ a convert; but looked upon them with suspicion. And some, ~~who would have renounced their Protestantism if it exposed them to even the privations and persecutions the poor converts suffered,~~ would even call them turncoats, and other terms of reproach,—be offended at seeing them worship God in their church, and accept no evidence of their sincerity—not even rags and starvation. There are some happy exceptions; but, alas! this is but too true as to the usual treatment of converts by these whose highest duty it is to “convert sinners from the error of their ways,” and thus be the happy instruments of “hiding the multitude of (these poor people’s) sins, by leading them to Him whose blood alone cleanseth from all sin.” How woefully ignorant and regardless of their Bibles (in which all kinds of idolatry and image-worship are so specially denounced), must such *Protestants* be! Oh, that they would attend to the Saviour’s direction and warning to his professing disciples:—“Ye are the salt of the earth—the light of the world—but if the salt have lost its saltness, it is thenceforth good for nothing

\* A fact.

but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men."

(Matt. v. 13.) How far the depression of the Protestant cause and its want of success may be owing to this, is worth the inquiry.

Before her conversion to the Protestant religion, the widow Desmond had allowed a married sister of hers, who had no children of her own, and lived in another part of the country, to take home with her her youngest little girl, a child of about three years old, to whom her sister had taken a very great liking, and had promised her to give her "*a fortune*," in the event of her marriage hereafter. To this the mother had thought it her duty, as having a large family, to consent, though it was very painful to her to part with the child. It was arranged, however, that the little girl was to be sent once a year to spend a week with her mother and brothers and sisters.

The time appointed for the arrival of the child having come, Mrs. Desmond wrote to her sister, requesting her to fulfil her promise, and mentioning where she now resided in lodgings.

In reply she received a most cutting letter, full of denunciations against her for disgracing her family and ruining her soul by joining the cursed jumpers,—saying, that she was happy in having saved one dear child out of the fire, and that as the mother had agreed to leave that child with her till her marriage, she would never give her up unless compelled by law, and that she would not send her to be "demoralised" by heretic Bibles and catechisms.

On the receipt of this letter Mrs. Desmond was



thrown into the deepest distress and perplexity. She said to James and Eileen,—

“ Oh, had I known it would come to this, I would never have let my dear child go with my sister. I fear the Lord is angry with me for it, but as I did it in my ignorance, I trust He'll forgive me, and ‘ pluck my feet out of this net,’ as I was reading in the Psalm to-day. ’Tis true I'm now but a poor, desolate widow, and my dear child may have but poverty and suffering with me, instead of comfort and a *fortune* with my sister ; but should a mother allow her child to be brought up without the knowledge and love of the Saviour, and in idolatry and sin, for such things ? God forbid ; for ‘ what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul.’ I'll pray with all my heart and do what I can to recover my child, and maybe God would open some way, though I can see none at present. I have no hope of getting any justice by law as I see things are now in Ireland—see how poor converts can get no fair play—the Priests, and the monks, and the nuns, would manage to bring it against me.”

“ That's true for you, Mrs. Desmond,” said James. “ I went myself before the magistrates the time I was baten and turned out, but sure, I might as well save my trouble. They said they could do nothing for me, and as it was a family affair, to settle it among ourselves. But, indeed, when the Priests and our relations that are agen us are behind the cart, and a poor convert at the front, the cart will heel back upon

us and tumble us out over 'em on the road, as myself was used."

"I see what my only chance is," said the Widow Desmond, who had been deeply wrapt in thought, "to be sure, I don't like anything like deception—but no, it can't be wrong for a mother to do the like for her child; our blessed Lord didn't let his two disciples know who he was for a little while, and I trust it's no sin for me not to let these know for a bit who I am. I'll borrow Eileen's gown and old cloak, and I'll go to my sister's house as a poor woman selling eggs. James, you can come after me with Jerry Minahan's cart, which we'll hire. You're to stop about half-a-mile off from my sister's, at the village of N——. May be God would put my little child in my way; and if once my darling gets into her own mother's arms, the little creature will cling close there, and they must run fast if they overtake us. I'll lose my life sooner than part her.

With all that more than natural energy which seems to take possession of a mother's heart in the defence or rescue of her child, and gives rise to efforts and exertions beyond human strength under ordinary circumstances, the Widow Desmond had no sooner conceived the thought, than, before any further remark could be made or counsel given, she had preparations made for her departure on this perilous errand—had taken Eileen into her bed-room, exchanged her gown and cloak, tied a white handkerchief over her head and under her chin, after the manner of the poorer country women, collected a few eggs in a little basket, and, having first knelt down for a few minutes, sur-

rounded by her trembling children, and offered up a few words of prayer for God's merciful direction; she started off in the direction of her sister's, desiring James to follow her with the cart as speedily as he could.

It was late in the day when she reached her sister's house; and as she was flushed and heated from over-exertion and excitement, she thought it prudent to sit down on a bank near the back entrance, to become more cool and collected before she ventured in, pulling the cloak rather closely over her face.

Presently she saw a simple-looking servant girl, who was quite a stranger to her, coming towards where she was sitting, with a pail of water on her head. She thought this a good opportunity of making inquiry, and she said,

"My girl, do you think the eggs are wanting? I'm a poor widow with a large family. I brought some here long ago (alluding to a present she had made at a former visit), indeed there was a dear, lovely child here then—little Nanny Desmond, I think they called her; she came running to me so lovingly that I gave her the two best eggs in my basket. Indeed I thought of that dear child when I was coming to-day, and here are two nice turkey eggs I have for her. Could you tell her to run out here to me afore I goes inside?"

She confidently expected success from this well-laid plan; but the thought of the hopelessness of escaping from servants and all should she run off with the child on its making its appearance as she expected, alone and helpless as she was, and the whole population in

arms against her, just crossed her mind and caused her to tremble and her voice to falter; but she recovered her desperate courage in a moment, passing it off before the servant by counting over the eggs in her basket.

The simple girl, not noticing her excitement, kindly stopped and said,

"My poor woman, I'll inquire of the mistress if they are wanting; but I can't call Miss Nanny to you to-day. She always attends the nunnery school down there. These heavenly creatures, the nuns, are very fond of her, and I'm told they are shortly to keep her entirely. Her own mother, they say, have turned jumper, and wouldn't do nothing for her own child—'tis well for the poor child she have such good friends as mistress and the nuns."

"But where is little Nanny now?" said she, affecting a careless tone of voice, though her heart was breaking with increased horror at hearing of the intended incarceration of her child in the nunnery, and all its concomitants, so hideous in the eyes of a mother whose heart was set on bringing it up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

"Oh, mistress let her stay with the nuns to-night; but to-morrow is a holiday, and the child will be at home, as there is no school."

Having waited for a reply (to save appearances), that the eggs were not wanted to-day, the disappointed mother retired with a heavy heart.

On reaching the village, she found James O'Connor waiting for her with anxious looks, with the horse and

cart at the appointed spot, ready to start with all speed for the town.

She told him the result of her visit, and her bitter disappointment that day, but that she was determined on going again to-morrow.

They stopped and put up for the night at a carrier's *stage*, where she and poor James spent an anxious and sleepless night. They were surrounded by numbers of degraded creatures, whose conversation and jokes they could not endure, and were in constant fear of being recognised by some of them. They heard many taunting remarks about jumpers and soupers, relieved however now and then by some observation that showed several of these persons were beginning to think for themselves in matters of religion. Thus, while James and Mrs. Desmond were sitting close by a little open window, they overheard the following conversation between some Roman Catholic men who were talking together in a little group outside,—

"Well, I was tired of the high mass that was said yesterday at C—— Chapel, for Father N—— that died the other day. I was thinking all the time, 'tis long before the priests would have high mass for a poor man like me. They likes the money as well as us."

"Och," said another, "to be sure they do—they're well paid for that by them rich people. 'Tis an ould saying, '*HIGH mass, high money!*'"

"Aye, Paddy," said a second, "*LOW mass, low money!*"

"Wisha, then, why don't ye finish it?" said a third, roaring out, "*No mass, no money!*"

The whole group all joined in hearty laughter, as they retired from the window.\*

Though not disposed to enjoy anything in the way of a jest, the converts rejoiced to perceive even this approach to liberty of conscience in these poor Romanists.

During a restless night, the Widow Desmond was sadly harassed by that nervous anxiety which not only magnifies existing evils, but is fertile in suggesting many that have no real foundation. She imagined a thousand things as interfering with her plan for the recovery of her child. Above all, she blamed herself for having been so foolish as to tell the servant girl she had made little Nanny a present of two eggs at her former visit, lest this should be mentioned, as was so very probable, on the girl's return, to her mistress, and create suspicion. In these seasons of nervous depression, even the children of God find their feelings blunted as to religious consolations, just in proportion to the keen sensibility of their frail flesh to the evils they feel or fear. But though destitute of sensible comfort, she had that support and refuge which the children of God alone can avail themselves of in such seasons—a good conscience towards God—an assurance of her acceptance as his child through the Saviour's merits and intercession, and a confident conviction that what appeared to her insuperable difficulties were not so to her heavenly Father. In reference, therefore, to what she regarded as a most imprudent act of her own, in telling the girl of the present of the eggs, she was enabled to pray earnestly that God would overrule it

\* A fact.

for good, and not suffer it to hinder her in the recovery of her child.

On the following morning, as early as she thought it advisable, she started again with anxious and trembling heart towards her sister's house, desiring James to stop with the horse and cart as near as he thought it prudent, as some of the farm servants there knew him, and, she feared, might recognize him.

She came boldly up, by a desperate effort, to the back-door, and immediately perceived the same servant girl she had met on the former day look at her out of a little window; and she heard a child's voice within, saying, "Jinny, let me out; let me out for the nice eggs."

She drew back a little behind the corner of an out-office, that shut her out from a view of the back door or window; and in a moment her little Nanny came, rushing to her with her tiny arms extended, as if she really knew by instinct that it was her mother. It appeared that the servant girl had never thought of alluding to the former present of eggs till she saw the poor woman (as she thought) outside; and in her love for the child had said, "Run out Nanny, my honey; there's the woman that gave you the two eggs long ago;" and the child, well remembering the present, immediately associated her own loved mother with the eggs.

The servant did not immediately come out, having a milkpail in her hands, which she wanted to wipe and stow away; and so sufficient time was afforded for a short interview between these two human beings, now so strangely, yet so dearly, related one to the other. Evidently expecting to see her mother, the little

child's lovely and smiling face suddenly changed to dark estrangement on beholding the dress so different from what she had always seen her mother in; and she would probably have shrieked out, had not Mrs. Desmond, in an instant, thrown off the cloak and handkerchief, and, holding two eggs in her hand, as formerly, opened her arms and bosom to the little one, with the well-known words, and the winning smile, which a mother only can give when she looks with the fulness of affection upon her child, especially under such circumstances.

In an instant the little one was folded to her bosom, with its little arms about her neck; but with equal rapidity, the moment Mrs. Desmond found her precious one in her grasp, she bounded off like a doe down the crooked avenue that led towards the road at the rear of the house.

Some minutes elapsed before the servant girl came out, and, not suspecting anything, she kept looking about for a while, quite sure the poor woman and the child were near. At length she came round the corner of the out-office, and saw the cloak, the handkerchief, and the egg-basket, all of which Mrs. Desmond had thrown upon the ground lest they should encumber her in her flight.

She immediately raised a terrified cry, fearful of the blame that would be attached to her:—"Help, neighbours, help, mistress, and all of ye! A kidnapper—a kidnapper—a kidnapper have stolen away little Nanny! See there; she's running down the back road. I seen her jump over the hedges. Get before her—stop her!"



The wild, screaming voice in which this was uttered brought all the people within hearing out of their houses, including her sister's labourers, who had just retired for breakfast to their homes. These latter immediately took up the cry, and commenced the pursuit, guided by the servant girl as to the direction the supposed kidnapper had taken.

Fortunately, in the confusion, they at first made a mistake, and the poor fugitive gained some time before it was rectified. She heard the hue and cry, but was happy to see no one as yet following her in the road she had taken. She was not, however, left long in the enjoyment of this pleasing thought. Unfortunately, the road bent round in nearly a right angle, and these people cunningly cut across the fields, where they knew was an easy byepath, and, to her dismay, she saw a host of them all across the road she had to pass, advancing speedily towards her.

By a sudden thought she bounded off to the left at right angles to the road, and running under a hedge that concealed her from their view, nearly in the opposite direction to her proper course, she proceeded towards a police-station, which, at her former visit to her sister, she had noticed was built near the nunnery there.

She dreaded approaching the nunnery, lest the inmates should sally out and seize her; but she had now no other chance but that of reaching the police barrack.

Fortunately the same grim seclusion which made its gloomy walls and gates such a terror to her respecting the immuring of her child there, was now her protec-

tion. Not a soul was to be seen as she bounded across its gates towards the police-station.

Hearing the hue and cry after her, which was by this time close at hand, the police party, three in number, all came out, and were nearly overturned by the sudden rush up of the fugitive woman and about a dozen of the fleetest of her pursuers, who all arrived pell-mell together at the door of the barrack.

All were so out of breath that the police could only hear short, confused cries of "A kidnapper, a kidnapper ; take her, send her to gaol, have her hanged for it," &c., mingled with earnest entreaties from the poor woman—"Oh ! sergeant, sergeant ! Save me—save my child ! I'm no kidnapper ; 'tis my own child !"

One of the wretches, a Priest's clerk, who, by this time knew who she was, did all he could to drag the child from her, knowing the intended plan of bringing it up in Popery. The police, however, interfered, and said,—

"You shan't take it by force, my man ; but if you'll promise to take care of the child, you may take it back to Mrs. Redmond's, who, we know, is very fond of it. We'll keep this wild woman here a prisoner ; and when the sergeant who commands the party returns, and we expect him every moment, we'll take her before the magistrates at the petty sessions to-day, and if she can't prove she's the mother, we'll have her committed ; if she can, surely she can easily get back her child at any time."

"Oh ! Sir, by the love of a mother, and a widow, I beg of you not to give 'em back my child ; if you do,

they'll keep her from me for ever." But, to her great joy, just as they were about to give her child to the Priest's clerk, the sergeant who commanded the party entered the barrack.

He was a Roman Catholic, but was a fine, honest-hearted fellow, quite above the narrow bigotry of his system ; was kind and generous to the Protestants, and greatly respected by them. The clergyman of the parish was heard to say, "If sergeant C—— was not fettered by a system that shuts up the human mind from improvement, and by its persecuting terrors renders concealment of the real sentiments of the heart a matter of worldly prudence, he would rise to be a bright ornament of society." Mrs. Desmond, before her conversion, had met this man at the chapel, on the occasion of some altar-curses being uttered against the soupers ; and when he afterwards called at her house in patrolling, he had told her, in confidence, he did not at all like how the Priest went on in the chapel last Sunday. On that occasion she had little Nanny in her arms, and he had stopped a few minutes to notice and play with the little thing, whose innocent smiles had caught his attention, and had allowed her to play with the bright brass ornaments of his belt, and taken out his watch to amuse her.

On entering, he immediately recognised both Mrs. Desmond and the child.

"What's all this for? What's the matter?" he cried, as he entered. "What has brought you here, Mrs. Desmond? Have these people been ill-using you? I'm very sorry to see you in this condition!"

"Oh, Sir," said she, "they want to rob me of my

child"—kissing and pressing it to her bosom, as if to assure herself it was still in her arms; "but, thank God, I'm now safe under your protection. You wear the uniform of her Majesty the Queen—she's a loving mother herself, by all accounts, and she'd like to see a wronged mother like me protected"—the little child all the while powerfully seconding her mother's appeal by renewing her acquaintances with the sergeant, with many sweet smiles that had succeeded its previous look of terror at the noise and the aspect of the wicked looking creatures that were about her.

The Priest's clerk then came forward, and in a cringing tone of voice said,—

"Sir, we don't want to rob Mrs. Desmond of her child, we only want to take it back to the person that she gave a lawful right to over it—her own good sister, Mrs. Redmond over there, one that will take every care of it, and do better for it than ever *she* will."

Mrs. Desmond was about to reply, but the sergeant, giving a friendly look and a significant wink, as much as to say, "Leave it all to me," said;—

"Well, we'll soon settle that. The petty sessions are now sitting at —, (the town where Mrs. Desmond lived). I'll hire a car and take her there; and if any of you have any charge against her, you can come and prove it before the magistrates. And now Mr. Mahony (turning to the Priest's clerk), go tell Mrs. Redmond if she has any charge to make to come and make it there. I'll give her till one o'clock—I'll keep this woman at the door of the Court-house till that hour, and if nobody comes to make a charge

against her, I'll let her go where she likes. In my opinion she might send ye all to the tread-mill for hunting and abusing her in this manner."

On hearing this, the Priest's clerk and his myrmidons began to sneak away with crest-fallen looks.

The chief object the sergeant had in view was to escort the Widow Desmond safely to her lodgings. He knew the danger she would be exposed to—nay, the certainty of the rescue of her child from her if she ventured to return unprotected, from the bitter spirit that was abroad against the converts since the altar-cursing; but he was aware that to pretend to notice anything of the kind, or do anything that could be construed into a favouring of the soupers, *would bring upon him the displeasure of the Romish hierarchy, whose complaint and influence with the Government would endanger his promotion, and perhaps procure his dismissal from the constabulary.* He therefore cleverly managed the thing so as to put it in the proper path of his duty; well knowing at the same time that not one of these wretches would venture to come forward against her before the magistrates.

The Widow Desmond having informed him of her having a cart in waiting at some distance on the way, he and two policemen accompanied her to the place, the sergeant having lent her his wife's best cloak, and promised to recover the one she had thrown down at Mrs. Redmond's. They found poor James anxiously waiting for her, whose joy on beholding her with the child in her arms may be better imagined than described.

She set off speedily, as a prisoner under her welcome

escort—they arrived at the door of the court-house at the appointed hour, and not one of her persecutors venturing to show his face there, the sergeant parted from her, first taking the opportunity of the others' looking in to see what was going on in the court, to take the child in his arms and kiss it, and give the mother a hearty shake of the hand, wishing her God's blessing, on her way to her lodgings—where she safely arrived, her heart overflowing with thankfulness to the Lord, who had so wonderfully prospered her perilous enterprise.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE FUNERAL.

ON reaching the door of her lodgings, the Widow Desmond and her recovered child were received with a burst of tumultuous joy by Eileen and the children, that caused a crowd to assemble to ascertain the cause. The poor souls had been in terror and anxiety ever since her departure, which her not returning before night had caused to increase to what bordered on frantic despair. The little sister, especially, was snatched so rapidly from one to another, that the little creature was well nigh smothered between them all ; for when in the arms of one brother or sister, two or three others were sure to get round her to have a kiss, with all their faces up together.

Mrs. Desmond, after giving them the details of the gracious providence that had given her success, said,—

“Now, my dear children, all through your lives put your trust in the goodness and mercy of God, and when you are in any distress or difficulty, pray to Him, and never doubt his power to deliver you, sooner or later, from all. Sure I thought I was ruined by mentioning to the servant girl that I had made a present of eggs to my child ; but when I was uneasy about it, I fell on my knees praying that my

folly may not turn against me. And there, that was the very thing that made the girl send out my dear child to me, and made her expect to see her own mother. And look there again, how the Lord made me meet that good man (oh, then, God bless him,) Sergeant C—— in the chapel, and then sent him to call at my house and see the child in my arms, so as to know all was right; and then see how God provided the guard of the policemen for me—for surely I could never expect to come back alive, let alone bringing my dear child with me, but for that.”

She then opened her Bible and read for them the 23d chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, where St. Paul is described as having been provided with a guard to protect him from his enemies. “And,” said she, “when Parson C—— was preaching on it on Sunday last, he showed us that this guard was provided in answer to St. Paul’s prayers, and the prayers he asked his brethren to offer for his safety, when he went up to Jerusalem. He showed us this from the thirtieth and thirty-first verses of the fifteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. I think our good Queen (God bless her), would be glad to hear that God sent some of her brave Irish police to protect a poor persecuted widow and her little child from the rage of her enemies; though, as Parson C—— said, Cæsar the Emperor’s soldiers were sent, and no thanks to him, to protect the life of the Apostle Paul.

After a suitable thanksgiving had been offered, during which the whole family circle, including poor James and his daughter, shed many tears of grateful joy, Mrs. Desmond informed them that she had made



up her mind to remain no longer in Ireland. Her little stock of money was being exhausted in the expenses of her large family—she had made every effort to help it by doing needle-work and embroidery, at which her elder girls were expert; but through the hostility of the Roman Catholics, and the lukewarmness of the Protestants, she found she had no prospect of success in Ireland. She had written to a former friend of hers, a convert, who had gone to London about two years before; and this person had held out a reasonable hope to her of being able to get employment or make sale of such articles in London. She offered to take James and his daughter with her, and to do the best she could to help them, and get employment for them.

James and Eileen both said they had made up their minds not to be a burden to their dear, kind benefactress any longer. James said he was only waiting till he could be no longer of any service to her, to go into the poor-house; and Eileen informed her that the parson's lady got a place for her, where she would stay till she earned enough to take her to America, where she was determined to go.

Being a woman of an active and energetic mind, Mrs. Desmond was not long in making preparations for her intended journey to London; and after making some valuable presents of clothes and other articles to James and his daughter, she and her whole family departed for London, amidst the usual tears and lamentations that take place at such Irish partings. Poor James, as his only remaining resource, went to the workhouse of the district, presented himself as a

Protestant, and, during his stay there, had to encounter more or less of that bigoted intolerance which has been, *from facts*, minutely described in "Poor Paddy's Cabin," chap. xx. He, however, made fresh attempts to get back into his house, but with no better success than before.

Before her departure for London, the widow Desmond was informed that Mr. Rylan had, through the intercession of the priest, forgiven his daughter Betsy, had received her and her husband, William Doherty, into favour, and bestowed upon them the house and farm she had herself been ejected from. She was much pleased at this, as she loved her brother sincerely, notwithstanding he had, after her conversion to the Protestant faith, been very bitter in opposing her. She made several attempts to get an interview with him, but in vain. Ever since Eileen had refused to marry him, and especially since she joined the converts, he seemed incensed against her, and she thought he suspected her of having advised Eileen to refuse him. She was much grieved, however, though not surprised, to learn that he was giving himself up more and more to drunken habits, and that he and his wife were living very unhappily together.

This unfortunate man continued to fret and quarrel with his wife, and to seek refuge from their mutual strife in the public-house, and in the evil and card-playing company to be met with there. His wife, instead of endeavouring to win him by kindness and affection, and by making his home comfortable to him, scolded him, and crossed and annoyed him in every way, boasting of her own and her father's superior

rank in society, and of the honour she had done him to think of marrying him at all. He, in his turn, retorted on her her very improper advances in first giving him encouragement to pay his addresses to her; was always speaking of Eileen O'Connor's mildness in contrast with her violence of temper; and declaring that but for her father's breaking faith with his sister many years ago, and marrying her mother for the sake of her money,\* there would have been no superiority of rank in the case.

Poor Mr. Rylan attempted to arrange these quarrels, but all in vain. They both treated him badly, and quarrelled with him. Their farm was utterly neglected, their rent left unpaid, each spending the profits badly, he in the public-house, and she in finery of dress and in luxuries beyond their means. At length their landlord was driven to the painful necessity of depriving them of their farm, of which they could make no good use, and they had to retire into lodgings with their two children, to subsist upon an allowance her father had settled upon her. At length the poor husband took fever, and died, blaming the soupers to the last, without any reason, as having brought ill-luck upon him and all his family. Mr. Rylan offered to receive her and her two children into his house, but she was so incensed against him for depriving them of the farm, that she refused, and went to live in a town in a distant part of the country.

On hearing of his death, both James O'Connor and Eileen were deeply grieved, especially the latter. But she now thanked God who had preserved her from

\* See page 19.

marrying, for the sake of worldly advantages, a degraded bigot, who would have surely been a persecuting and drunken husband.

About the time of Mrs. Desmond's departure, Eileen had written to her cousin, *Maureen Sheehan*, in America, giving the details of the strange occurrences that had taken place since her departure; her father's ejection from his cabin by his wife and stepsons, and being obliged to go into the workhouse; and how she was herself in place, endeavouring to make up as much money as would take her to America, as her cousin had invited her, and that she would try to persuade her father to come with her.

In reply she received a most affectionate letter from her cousin, pressing her to come as speedily as possible, and to bring her father with her, if he would come, and enclosing a bank-order for 10*l.* to pay their expenses out.

Poor Eileen had not time to inform her father of this joyful news, when she received intelligence that he was very ill with fever in the workhouse, and not expected to recover.

By some delay in the post-office, she did not receive the letter containing this intelligence till several days after it was written. In an agony of grief she proceeded to the workhouse (many miles from where she was in place as a servant), and, to her great horror and grief, she met her unfortunate mother Biddy on the road, returning, in company with her elder son, who, the moment she approached, commenced clapping and wringing her hands, and crying, "Oh! my poor husband is dead; he's dead! He didn't see the priest,

and he's dead ! We didn't overtake him alive ; and, bad luck to ye soupers that's the cause of all, we're after meeting his funeral on the way to the church-yard. We seen him buried ; and sure that was nothing only to have that ould divil,\* with his heretic prayers. You may go look for your poor father now, Eileen ; you may go where you like ; but we won't have nothing to do with you while you follow them soupers."

Poor Eileen fainted away for some minutes on hearing this dreadful news. On recovering, she tried to avail herself of the solemn occasion of their mutual grief to win back her mother's good-will ; but all in vain. She attempted to embrace her mother, but was pushed back with the scornful rebuke :—

" You jumper, the Priest ordered me to have nothing to do with you till you give up your bad ways ; and I'll never break the commands of my clargy."

Finding all efforts to win back her mother's affections were in vain, and that a crowd of people were gathering, from whom she had reason to expect personal violence, Eileen thought it prudent to stop at the lodge near a gentleman's gate, where she went in, and was kindly received by its inmates. They were Protestants, and listened with much sympathy to her tale of woe, and insisted on her staying for the night. She did so, and, in return for their kindness, she did what she could to lead their hearts to that devoted love to the Saviour which, from their worldly taste and conversation, she saw they had not thought a necessary part of true

\* A fact, as applied to a Protestant clergyman, in a church-yard, by a Roman Catholic woman, in the hearing of the Author.

religion. She did this so as to avoid offending them by assuming to teach them, by reading for them out of her pocket-Bible those texts which she said had led herself and her father to renounce Popery; telling them her only, but great comfort now was, that she knew her beloved father had these firmly fixed in his heart, and that her dear Saviour would bring herself and her father together again, to live in glory with Him for ever. She told them also that the only part of her poor mother's bigotry that had given her satisfaction was her indignation at the Protestant funeral service being read over her father, for it showed he had held his profession to the last, and had not sent for a Priest; but that now they couldn't even raise a false report, as they often do, of that kind.

These people were worthy of the name of Protestants, for they showed this poor, weeping, convert girl every sympathy and kindness, welcomed her as a new sister in the faith, greatly enjoyed her simple, spiritual conversation, and wished her God speed, and every blessing, on her departure.

Eileen having now no inducement to remain in Ireland, proceeded to make immediate preparations for her voyage to America, on which she shortly after set out with a Protestant family who were emigrating to the United States.

---

## CHAPTER XV.

### A SCENE IN A LONDON POLICE-COURT.

IN one of the London police-courts, shortly after the presiding magistrate had taken his place on the bench, one of the officials of the union workhouse of the district, accompanied by two policemen, brought in an interesting-looking, middle-aged woman, *charged with being an Irish pauper*, who refused to be sent to Ireland, who had applied for relief; and requested that legal authority should be given to send her back to Ireland, from which, as she herself had acknowledged, she had been absent not quite three years, and, therefore, as was stated in the charge, not deserving of that consideration which might be shown in the case of one who, having lived in England for many years, might not have any friends in Ireland to receive her.

The official had better have said nothing on this point, the cases being very numerous (as published from time to time in the newspapers) of poor widows and others who, after having spent thirty or forty years in laudable and industrious employment in London, have, on becoming destitute on the death of a husband or other calamity, been forcibly shipped off to Ireland, and landed helpless and forlorn on our

quays—sent thus to a country which, though they were born there, was, in point of fact, to them as strange and desolate as if they were landed on the shores of Kamschatka—all their former relatives and friends being gone long ago, and all new and strange to them. This practice, of which such heart-rending instances have appeared from time to time, as reported by the public press, is a solitary, but foul and dark blot on the well-known and fair page of English benevolence and generosity.

She was a little above the middle size, slightly *en bon point* and matronly in appearance; her eyes, hair, and complexion dark; her features regular and bordering on the *aristocratic*; her complexion exhibited the lingering tints of florid healthfulness, gradually yielding to the rude touches of the hand of time and the cares of life. And especially it was remarked that, though a pauper, and in a certain sense a poor prisoner, her upright and erect carriage of her head, shoulders, and person, imparted, as is always the case, especially with respect to females, a peculiar dignity and grace which, coupled with her look of calm resignation to her unhappy position, created an interest in her favour in the heart of everyone in the court. Her dress, with the exception of a bonnet, was genuine Irish—consisting chiefly of a large cloak of what had originally been dark blue cloth, lined with black silk, which, as well as all she wore, seemed now at length to be yielding, even far more than the wearer, to the hand of time, and defying the evident care with which they were kept and brushed, and the simple neatness with which they were put on, to



retain them in their original respectability. To add to the interest with which this poor Irishwoman was regarded, she held by the hand a lovely-looking little girl, of about five years of age—the very picture of the woman, whose appearance (notwithstanding her clothes were old, faded, and patched) and clean face and hands, showed that even poverty could not obliterate the mother's taste for everything neat, cleanly, and tidy.

It was the Widow Desmond and her little Nanny.

The Poor-law official having stated his charge as above, the Magistrate said,—

“You have been so short a time in London that surely it can't be difficult for you to find friends in Ireland who will receive you. But, at all events as the law now stands I must do my duty, and order you to be taken over. The rate-payers here will not submit to be taxed for Irish paupers, having their own poor to support. I feel much for you, my poor woman. You seem to have seen better days. You and your family will be taken over free of expense, and here is a sovereign out of my own pocket as a present to that interesting little girl you have with you.”

“Thank your worship, most kindly,” she replied in a calm and firm voice, “but don't send us back to Ireland. Though but a short time from it, I have not a friend there to receive me. I'm a convert from Popery, and the Priests won't allow any one to speak to me or let me get employment. I'm a widow with six young children. I once held a fine farm of ninety acres. I paid my rent regularly, but the property came into the hands of a Roman Catholic gentleman, and the Priest made him (contrary to his own wishes,

I'm sure,) turn me out because I followed my conscience and the Bible. I expect a little money from a friend in America. I have not yet had success in selling work and embroidery in London, but I expect to do so. This, at all events, is the land of liberty. I can worship God here according to my conscience. I'll only stay in the poor-house till I get the money from America. Oh, your worship, don't send me back to Ireland, but — ”

At this part of her appeal, the widow Desmond was observed to turn pale; her voice faltered as she fixed her eyes with a penetrating glance on a gentleman who had just entered the court a few minutes before, with a policeman bringing a boy whom he had just caught in the act of picking his pocket. The gentleman appeared as agitated as she was, as he listened for a few moments to her tale.

“Oh, your worship,” she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, and seeming for the first time to lose entirely her self-possession, “there the author of all my misfortunes has just entered the court. No, he's not the author, 'tis the Priest. Put him on his oath, your worship, and he'll prove all I have said. No, you needn't put him on his oath, he'll tell the truth; he'll not belie poor Kitty Doherty—and — ”

As she uttered these broken sentences rapidly, under excitement, with a faltering voice, she fell back fainting and unconscious into the arms of the two policemen who stood behind her, who, assisted by several others, proceeded to take her carefully in their arms to an open window, sprinkle her with water, and use all means for her recovery. The gentleman,

pausing a moment to see they were attending properly to her, rose, and, under excitement scarcely less than hers, in which his Worship and all present seemed to participate, addressed the court:—

“Please your Worship, every word that good woman has told you is true. I am the author of her misfortunes; but I did it under an awful mistake of my duty as a Christian. Thank God, I see that now. I have asserted that liberty of conscience which is the precious birthright of every subject of our Queen, be he English or Irish, but which, alas! is still denied to my poor country people. It is now over two years since I in a fit of bigotry and under priestly influence deprived her, who was the best and most improving tenant I had, of a farm, the profits of which were at least 100*l.* per annum. I consider myself in honour and conscience her debtor to the amount of at least 300*l.* You need not send her to Ireland. This card and certificate (handing up his card and a paper to the magistrate) will show your Worship who I am. I will answer she shall be no burden to your ratepayers (giving a contemptuous look at the Poor-law official, in which the whole court seemed to join); she shall immediately have this purse (handing a purse of sovereigns to the Magistrate) to pay her expenses over, and when she and her family arrive she shall be reinstated immediately in her farm, which, most fortunately, I have now in my own hands.”

Poor Mrs. Desmond had sufficiently recovered her consciousness to hear the latter part of Mr. Ryland's address. It seemed to overwhelm her, but in a different manner from before; for as he concluded, she burst

for the first time into a flood of tears, falling on her knees and sobbing out nearly inaudible blessings upon her benefactor, mingled with thanksgivings to God.

"Well, Mr. Rylan," said the worthy Magistrate, looking at the card and the paper, "this is one of the most interesting and romantic scenes that ever occurred in my court—you Irish people seem born for romance, —but, I protest, you have the power of mesmerising our cold Saxon nature into the same pleasing excitement; for I doubt whether your feelings are at all more intense than mine, and indeed, I may say, those of the whole court. You had better now take charge of this poor woman and her lovely child, and as such numbers are crowding in, you had better lose no time in calling a cab. I feel great pleasure in giving her into your care. This certificate is quite satisfactory (reading it), 'I certify that Patrick Rylan, of Derny Castle, in the county of — Esq., publicly renounced the errors of Popery in the parish church of —, on Sunday, the — day of —.'"

Mr. Rylan, after having his charge against the boy disposed of, took little Nanny in his arms, and holding out his arm to Mrs. Desmond, they both walked out, amidst a cheer from all in the court, which the magistrate either could not or did not care to suppress, and entering a cab which a policeman had called, drove off in triumph from the door.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE FRUITS OF AN "IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS" SERMON.

AFTER leaving the police-court, Mrs. Desmond put the purse of sovereigns which the magistrate had caused to be given her before she had fully recovered her consciousness, into Mr. Rylan's hand, saying she could not think of accepting so large a sum as it contained ; and that if he would give her merely what would pay the rent due for her lodgings, and what would take her and her family to Ireland, it would be quite enough. He insisted, however, on her keeping it, saying that he was in her debt to a far greater amount than that. He inquired where she had lodged, saying, he supposed she would wish to drive there on account of her children ; but that he thought it must be too poor a place for her to remain in any longer—that she must now consider herself as the possessor of at least 100*l.* a year—and that he insisted on paying for her lodgings during their stay in London.

It was in vain that she attempted to refuse these kind offers—he said he was but paying a just debt ; and suggested that she should remove as soon as she could with her children to comfortable lodgings in —street, just opposite his own, which, in making

inquiries, he had called to see, and he believed were yet vacant.

During their drive, little Nanny, who sat in his lap, and seemed to have taken a particular fancy to him, was (as he afterwards remarked) making love for her mother by her sweet smiles; and while they were engaged in serious conversation, she now and then put their hands together, probably from having noticed his shaking hands with her on coming up to her in the court, thus occasioning a few blushes and some confusion to the poor mother.

On arriving at the lodgings, which were, as might be expected, poor and humble, though neatly kept and clean, as were also the patched garments of the children, the latter were in an ecstasy of joy at beholding their mother, whose long delay had caused them great uneasiness.

Willy, however, who had accompanied her on her visit of entreaty to the mansion, on recognising Mr. Rylan whom he had then seen, looked for a few moments frightened and shy. But, with that instinctive discernment of countenance for which children are remarkable, not only Willy, but all the children, in a few moments greeted Mr. Rylan with smiles and little innocent familiarities that clearly showed they welcomed, and confided in him as a friend.

Mr. Rylan then proposed that he and the mother, and the two eldest girls, should go in a cab to the nearest general warehouse to purchase new clothes for them all, as it would not be proper to take them to the intended lodgings in their old clothes, having first

ordered in a profuse supply of refreshments for the whole family.

It was in vain that Mrs. Desmond and her children protested against putting him to these expenses ; he would listen to nothing, but would jokingly say, "Remember, Mrs. Desmond, you are my tenant, and I'm your master ; you must obey my orders ; at all events, you must allow me to pay my debts."

After taking refreshments, of which all seemed much in need, Mrs. Desmond, as if the thought had just occurred, looked uneasy and said,—

"You won't have any objection, Mr. Rylan—oh, no, you won't, now that you read the Bible—to our all kneeling down together to thank God for his wonderful mercies,—I'm quite angry with myself for not doing it before."

Mr. Rylan having strongly expressed a wish to join in this tribute of praise, which he said he felt he himself had more reason than any to offer up, for the gracious deliverance he had experienced from the misery and sorrow he had for a long time endured, all knelt down, and Mrs. Desmond, in the warmth of her heart, offered up a simple but appropriate thanksgiving, into which she introduced earnest prayers for God's blessing on their kind benefactor.

At the general warehouse, whither they went, Mr. Rylan had no small difficulty in persuading Mrs. Desmond to accept the description of clothing which he chose for her. She earnestly pleaded to be allowed to purchase such as she used formerly, as worn by the more respectable farmers

wives—and that she would feel ashamed at appearing at home in Ireland in a lady's dress. To this he replied,—

"Oh, leave all that to me; be assured, Mrs. Desmond, there is no lady in Ireland who would better become those clothes than you will—it would be well for many of them if they had your upright carriage of person,—I wish to see *my tenants* improving in dress, as well as in every thing else; I do not, indeed, approve of finery beyond one's means, or inconsistent with Christian sobriety; but, surely, these dresses are not such, but merely the proper tokens of good, sober respectability—no gaudy colours, but all plain, comely, and respectable."

It is questionable whether Mr. Rylan would have had the best of it in this friendly contest, had not the two girls come in powerfully to his aid. They said their mother looked so well in the bonnet and handsome shawl and mantle he had chosen for her, that they hoped she would give them the pleasure of seeing her wear them in future.

Mrs. Desmond was obliged to yield to superior numbers. Mr. Rylan had not at all the same difficulty in reconciling the girls to the dresses he chose for them. And now, the purchases having been completed, and all arrangements made, Mr. Rylan accompanied them back to their lodgings. All took tea together in their little parlour, which the landlady, delighted to have her rent paid up so punctually to the end of the week, and other symptoms of unexpected independence in her lodgers, had endeavoured to render more comfortable than usual, and, though the weather was rather



warm, had made a large fire, which, out of politeness, they were obliged to bear with, as the good old lady took care to say it was intended as a favour, and without charge.

Before Mr. Rylan's departure, it was arranged that he was to let them know as early as possible next day, whether the lodgings in ——street were to be had. This was accordingly done ; and at an early hour the following day, Mr. Rylan brought them all to their new lodgings, near his own, insisting on their dining and spending the evening at his apartments.

As soon as the excitement occasioned by these events had subsided, Mrs. Desmond was whispered to by the children, who had been debating the matter between themselves, to ask Mr. Rylan how he came to be a Protestant, having always heard of him as so bigoted in the opposite way ; and the younger ones had been saying they thought James O'Connor and Eileen must have read the Bible for him, having often heard their mother ascribe her deliverance from superstition to their humble efforts to lead her to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and not in the Priest. Mrs. Desmond having conveyed their wishes to Mr. Rylan, he thus described the circumstances of his conversion :—

“In the first place, the step which the Priests led me to take in depriving you, dear Mrs. Desmond, of your farm, made me truly miserable.” After giving the substance of what took place between him and the Priest, as related in the third chapter, he then said :—

“When you called at my house, on the evening of

my daughter's wedding, on seeing you outside, I determined, for a few moments, to revoke the measures I had adopted. But those artful men got round me, and, assisted by my two poor bigoted daughters, dissuaded me. After bidding the servant to send you away, I was truly miserable; I left the dancing-room, ran up to my bedroom, and in an agony of mind threw myself on my knees near the window, and I think I offered up some kind of prayer that God would direct me. My girls and the Priests followed me, and by their renewed plausible arguments and taunts quite turned me back to the persuasion that I was in the path of duty to God.

"After this they carefully watched me, and urged me to persevere; and on the day when you were all so cruelly ejected, my misery was complete, but I still took refuge in the thought that such conduct was Christian self-denial. On my return home, I met a carman proceeding towards your house, and learned from him that he was sent by the Rev. R——, a Protestant clergyman, to take a poor woman's furniture to the town where she had taken lodgings. Knowing that one car would not be sufficient, and anxious to make some amends for my unkind treatment, I ordered one of my own carmen to take off the board with my name, in place of which I hastily marked it with chalk in the man's name, lest the police should stop it. I promised the man money if he executed his mission faithfully, and threatened dismissal in case he told who sent him."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Desmond, clasping her hands together, "how mercifully has God dealt with me,"

how wonderfully has He answered my prayers, and the prayers of my children; for a blessing on that unknown friend! I said to that carman, 'God bless the good friend, whoever he is! Tell him, my man, I hope to live to see him happy, and to make him some return for his kindness; tell him he shall have the prayers of myself and my children.'"

"Well," he replied, "those good wishes and prayers were conveyed to me, and gave me sincere pleasure. They have been answered in a great measure. I am very happy, thanks to the Lord; but I might be more so; and I hope *some one* will make me *the return* I expect."

The look and emphasis with which he said this made poor Mrs. Desmond, for the first time, suspect his meaning, which, in her humble opinion of herself, and having long regarded him as her superior, she had never till then thought could be the case. She blushed, and looked confused, fearing she had been too forward in her remarks, which Mr. Rylan perceiving, turned off by proceeding with his narrative:—

"When my poor daughter Betsy acted so improperly in running off with your unfortunate brother, and when my other daughter, Mary, went away with her husband to a distant part of the country, my home became lonely and desolate to me; and though I forgave poor Betsy, yet, from her husband's habits, I could not receive them into my house; and the best thing I could do for them, to put them into your former house and farm, did not turn out well, owing to the providence of them both; and poor Betsy refused to return to me after her husband's death.

"Feeling very lonely and unhappy, my cruel conduct to you especially weighing on my mind, I set off to visit some friends in the town of W——.

"One day, as I was passing along the street, my attention was attracted by a large placard, which I perceived to be one of those posted by the preachers of 'the Irish Church Missions,' against whom I had often heard the Priests speaking and railing bitterly. On this placard I was for a few minutes surprised to notice the strange sentence, 'CHEAP FARES TO PURGATORY.'\*

"This amused me, and made me laugh, and I thought it was intended in mockery; but, on looking closer, I perceived that another bill-sticker, probably wishing to obliterate the Church Missions placard, had posted one from some steam-ship company, and happened to adjust the words 'Cheap Fares to,' on the latter, with 'Purgatory' on the former.

"Just then the absurdity of paying money for a passage, either into or out of purgatory, glanced across my mind, and I began to doubt the soundness of the Romish doctrine, which, by allowing such a practice, imparted a whimsical drollery to the bill-sticker's blunder; and the sad case of a *poor man*, who must leave his beloved relatives 'in the flames of hell and the deep pit' † (as I knew our office for the dead describes the pains of purgatory), for want of money to pay for masses, occurred to my mind. I immediately determined to attend the Church Missions sermon on that evening, to hear what would be said against it. I therefore went over to one of the placards,

\* A fact.

† See "Office for the Dead," p. 84, miniature edition.

and began to read it through, when, lo ! a Priest, whom I knew, was at my elbow. He rebuked me, and said,—

“ ‘Mr. Rylan, I wonder at you, to pollute your eyes with those abominable placards.’

“ ‘Why, your Reverence,’ said I, ‘there are so many of them posted all along this side of the street, that I could hardly help noticing them.’

“ ‘Then, Sir,’ he replied, ‘I would recommend you to show your contempt of them by looking towards the other side. It’s very wrong to sanction the sinful curiosity of the lower orders by seeing a respectable man like you noticing those placards.’

“Just at this moment I caught a glimpse of another, at the opposite side, and said, half in joke,—

“ ‘Why, Reverend Sir, they are at that side also.’

“ ‘Well, Sir,’ said he, ‘if you would take the advice of one of your spiritual guides, you would keep your eyes straight forward, and look to neither one side or the other while those pestilential productions are there.’ \*

The angry look and bitterness with which he said this only made me begin to suspect the Priests possibly might be afraid of the power of truth, and were not able to defend their doctrines by their own Scriptures, as the placard defied them to do, and which I was aware they were not doing.

“I bowed respectfully to his Reverence without making any reply, and went to the sermon on Purgatory that very evening.

“To my great surprise the missionary, instead of

\* A fact.

indulging in railing and abuse, as I expected, after the example of the Priests at the altar and in their published letters, spoke with a spirit of kindness and love that I never till then thought them capable of. He began by laying it down that no man has a right to interfere with the religion of another man—a thing which every man is so jealous of—except in kindness and love—except in the most humble spirit of loving expostulation; and that, however confident he may be, and however able to prove the grounds of his confidence, he ought to respect the feelings and prejudices of his hearers, and take each of them, as it were, with him as a fellow-inquirer after truth. He adduced the example of God himself, who condescends to say, ‘Come now, and let us reason together’ (Isaiah i. 18), and referred to St. Paul’s saying, ‘The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle to all men, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth.’ I was, so far, well pleased; but when he gave a well-proved view of the complete salvation effected by the blood and righteousness of Christ, as contrasted with the gloomy doctrine of our waiting to be purged by fire in ‘the flames of hell and the deep pit’ (for he referred to our office for the dead, and held it in his hand), and when he proved all by plain passages from the Douay Bible, I said to myself, ‘Well, this doctrine is like the sun—it shines by its own light. I now see why the Priests do not wish us to inquire, and why they make it a mortal sin to doubt, and why they do not allow us to hear the other side of the story they tell.’ Imme-

diately got a Douay Bible, and read for myself. In a short time I called on a loving and pious Protestant clergyman in the town of C——, who gave me a Protestant Bible to compare with my own, saying that, although he could prove the Roman Catholic religion wrong by the Priest's own Bible, yet that it was in many places a corrupt and bad translation, which he showed from my recollection of the Latin and Greek I had learned at school, especially in so shamefully putting 'penance' in the place of 'repentance.' Above all, he spoke so sweetly about the Saviour's love to sinners, and the blessedness of being at peace with God through something certain like the sufferings of Christ, that my heart was quite won to the truth. As I was going to Dublin he gave me a letter of introduction to that good and faithful man the Rev. Mr. —, of —, at whose church I publicly renounced the errors of Popery on the following Sunday.

"All this time my treatment of you, dear Mrs. Desmond, was burning like a hot iron in my bosom, and I determined to make you every reparation in my power. Having heard that you had gone to London, I went there determined not to cease my inquiries till I could find you out. I had been prosecuting my inquiries for several days in vain, all the time praying earnestly to the Lord to guide me, when lo! by that wonderful providence I caught that villain in the act of picking my pocket, who had my purse, with the fifty sovereigns, actually in his hand when I discovered and seized him, and, calling a policeman, accompanied him before the sitting magistrate. The rest I need not tell you. You know as much as I do about it. All

I can say is, that the ways of Providence are mysteriously wonderful. What I at the moment thought a sad calamity—the danger of losing my purse—has not only been the means of relieving me from the misery I was enduring, but will, I sincerely hope, by the goodness of God, make me soon the happiest man in the world."



## CHAPTER XVII.

### A HAPPY RE-UNION.

How lovely is light when to darkness succeeding !  
How sweet is relief when the heart has been bleeding !  
Thus sweet is affection, once rudely suspended,  
When again we are *one*, and our sorrows are ended.

THE remarks that Mr. Rylan made at the conclusion of his narrative, as related in the preceding chapter, still further confirmed Mrs. Desmond in her suspicions that, instead of giving her the farm, he intended to make her his wife. They had, many years before, been attached and engaged to one another, and their union had only been hindered by the meddling of the Priest, as related in the third chapter. The intervening events had, however, as was proper, apparently annihilated all feelings of the kind, and, during part of the time, had issued in seeming enmity ; and there could nowhere be found two persons who had more faithfully fulfilled their respective conjugal duties than these had during the lifetime of the former wife and husband. But now the course of providential events had removed all obstacles, and nothing appeared more likely than their re-union.

It need hardly be said that between persons so circumstanced, all was shortly arranged. One day on his

calling to see Mrs. Desmond and her children, little Nanny, who alone was in the room at the time, acted the *go-between* with such innocent but effectual success, as left no further room for that shyness which had induced Mr. Rylan to defer an often-intended explanation. As he entered she ran up smiling to him, and seizing his hand, pulled him towards her mother, and again put their hands together, as she had seen done when they shook hands in the police-court. Mr. Rylan said,—

“Well, *dear Kitty*, as I hope I may now call you as *formerly*, you see little Nanny will not rest satisfied *till our hands are joined*. We had better not disappoint her. What do you think?”

This remark led to a *proposal*, and an arrangement between them that very day; so that little Nanny's wishes were accomplished. Poor Mrs. Desmond humbly pleaded her inferiority to him in rank of late years, and that whatever her feelings and wishes might be, the humble position of a tenant, as before, would be far more suitable.

To this he replied that her feelings and wishes were everything to him—that he thought her superior native talent, good sense, and especially her piety, raised her far beyond any woman he ever expected to meet—that his house was now a wilderness to him without a female head, and would continue so unless she would consent to manage it for him; and above all things, he said he wished to disappoint his and her enemies, the Priests and nuns, by taking her home as mistress of the very estate from which they had so cruelly caused him to

eject her as a tenant—that his heart was set on letting them experience this disappointment as a just retribution of Providence for persecuting the followers of the Saviour as jumpers and soupers.

She then mentioned her large family ; but to this he replied, that now that he had disposed of his only two daughters, he was pleased to have the prospect of his house being again enlivened by the footsteps and prattle of children. That his plan was to recommend to her to allow him to place the two elder boys and girls at school in England, and to take home with them the two little ones, Johnny and Nanny. He concluded by comparing her to Abigail, in 1 Sam. xxv. 3, and that he was happy in the prospect of entrusting his domestic affairs to a woman of similar superior mind and judgment. The only difficulty he expected to encounter was from his daughters, who were, he feared, bigoted Roman Catholics ; but, being in a remote part of the country, they could occasion no domestic annoyance, and that, since his conversion, he had made them both the subject of earnest prayer, which he trusted he would shortly have a loving and faithful wife to join in,—reminding her of a passage he had that morning noticed in the Bible,—“If two of you shall agree on earth touching anything ye shall ask, it shall be done for you by your Father which is in heaven.”

Thus, whatever romance there may have been in the previous steps of their career, the last important arrangements were made and carried out with that good sober sense and judgment which are in all cases

so necessary to ensure a happy result in that most important of all earthly ties. After waiting the legal time of notice of residence, a happy and promising union took place in the parish church of —, London; and we are henceforth to know them as Mr. and Mrs. Rylan, of Derry-Castle, county —, Ireland.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### PRIESTS AND LANDLORDS.

Let Erin's weeping children the joyful tidings hear ;  
No voice of man bewildering, but God's own Word to cheer ;  
No Priestly curses frightening their warm hearts from his grace ;  
But Christ's dear voice enlightening their souls with heavenly rays.

"It must needs be that offences come ; but woe unto that man  
by whom the offence cometh." (Matt. xviii. 7.)

SHORTLY after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Rylan, having placed the four elder children at boarding-schools, prepared for their departure for Ireland. In selecting the schools, they were most particular to ascertain that they were free from everything of a Tractarian tendency. They had heard the Priests in Ireland making such a handle against Protestantism of the Tractarian movement in England, and of the secessions to Rome that resulted from it, that they had even a greater dread of their children being put in the way of it, than of open Popery. The children had seen and felt so much of the bitter persecution and intolerance of Irish Popery, and its open idolatry and opposition to the Bible, as so carefully and constantly pointed out by their mother, that there was really less *pang* to be apprehended from it. The parents had

attended some of the Tractarian churches by way of judging for themselves, and were shocked, not only at the bowings and turnings to the altar, but at hearing so much about "the Church—the Church," instead of the Saviour, in the preaching there; and they said, they thought the Priests must have had some hand in the thing. Mrs. Rylan said she thought it might be called "a cup of Irish Popery sweetened with English sugar," and that if the good English people could taste it *without the sugar*, as *she* had done in Ireland, they'd soon throw cup and all under the grate.

One reason why they were so careful as to Tractarian teaching was, that a lady who lodged in the same house, with whom they got acquainted, had made a present to one of their daughters of a seemingly pretty story-book,\* on reading which, they discovered that the design of it was to lead the children to *the same idolatrous reverence for the Priest that they themselves had in their younger days learned from Popery*; and also to *disparage those doctrines of grace* which were now so precious in their eyes, as enabling them to rejoice in the mercy and love of God through the Saviour's merits. Indeed, Mrs. Rylan said, that if she did not find the precious doctrine of the Eleventh Article of the Church of England in the Bible, she would never have left Popery at all;† for she rested her hopes as a sinner entirely on that, and that it was the comfort and power of the doctrine of Justification

\* The name of this insidious little book is omitted, lest curiosity should lead any unstable young person to procure it.

† A fact.

by Faith only, that had warmed her heart towards the Bible and the Protestant religion, and led her to renounce all for the sake of Christ her dear Saviour. At one time, when greatly cast down by a sense of her losses and sufferings, which she knew would be at once at an end if she returned to Popery, she had been harassed and tempted sorely by doubts and misgivings. On that occasion she had sent for a pious Protestant clergyman, and among other statements of her inward conflict, she said to him,—

“Oh, sir, I believe the doctrine of Justification by Faith only, and have resigned all on the faith of its truth,—will you do what you can to confirm me in it, and pray for me? for it was that alone that made me forsake the religion of my fathers\*—that alone now keeps me among the despised jumpers and soupers of Ireland.”

Before their departure for Ireland, Mr. Rylan was about to send home a peremptory order to his land-steward, to dismiss instantly the bigoted bailiff Dempsy, who had been employed, and had taken so active a part, in the expulsion of *the Widow Desmond* from her house and farm. Mrs. Rylan, however, earnestly interceded for him, stating that it was now their high duty to forgive and love their enemies, after the Saviour's command and example, and endeavour to soften their hearts and win them to the truth by “overcoming evil with good;” and that, as it was done on her account, to punish him for having cruelly even exceeded his instructions in dragging her

\* A fact.

children, and striking her on the face, on the day she was turned out, she ventured to plead with her husband for his forgiveness.

Mr. Rylan, giving an affectionate look at her, and thanking God for providing for him a wife of a higher order of piety than his own, and more extensive acquaintance with Scripture, to inform or remind him of his duty, told her he would comply with her request ; but that he would write a peremptory order to Dempsy not to meddle with his tenants, or play into the hands of the Priest as he had done, by hindering the Roman Catholics from sending their children to the Scriptural school under the Church Education Society, which he had lately patronised, on his property, should any choose to do so, and he threatened him with instant dismissal should he ever attempt to exercise the influence which his position under the landlord gave him, against the principles approved of professedly at least by that landlord, *as, he lamented to say, was so frequently done by Roman Catholic bailiffs on Protestant property in Ireland,* to the great injury of the cause of truth, and therefore of the tenantry themselves, helping to keep them the slaves of Priests, to their ruin, and Ireland in its present degradation.

In this order to his bailiff, he told him he would not interfere with either him or any of his tenantry as to their going to mass, or in any way doing as their consciences directed them, *so far as their own conduct was concerned ; but that if any of them attempted to persecute another* for following his conscience in joining the Protestants, he would think it his duty to punish



them by depriving them of their holdings, when in his power. That he wished them to understand that *he would not allow of persecution* on his property, and that if any farmer should dismiss a labourer from employment or refuse to take back any he had disemployed at the command of the Priest, or owing to the altar-cursing, he should incur his highest displeasure, and be removed as soon as possible. And, at the suggestion of his wife, he especially gave peremptory orders that poor James O'Connor's two children should be withdrawn instantly from the National school, and sent regularly to the Scriptural school. She had, with great earnestness, stated to him the outrage done to poor James's feelings by his children being kept from him to be brought up in Popery; and he considered that the father's wishes should be complied with, and that the bigoted wife should be informed that if she dared to keep the children of her late husband from scriptural instruction, he would not allow such an outrage upon the poor deceased father to continue upon his property, but would expel her from the land and holding from which she and her step-son had so shamefully expelled poor James.

Having dispatched these instructions by post, Mr. and Mrs. Rylan set off for Holyhead and Dublin, intending to spend some days at the latter place on business of importance before going to Derry Castle.

In the first-class carriage in which they travelled, they had as their travelling companion nearly the whole way, an exceedingly nice, middle-aged English gentleman, whom from his manners and address they took to

be a nobleman. There was also another very gentleman-like man, whom in a short time they found to be a bigoted Jew of the upper class of Israelites. On Mr. Rylan's adverting to the miseries of Ireland, which happened to be spoken of, and saying he ascribed them to priestly tyranny as the main cause, the Jewish gentleman lost his temper, and launched out into a violent abuse of the Protestants and Protestantism,\* praising the late Mr. O'Connell and the Priests up to the skies ; and the whole tenor of his remarks showed that he was *as bitter an enemy to the British Protestant Constitution as any Roman Catholic Priest or demagogue*, and he concluded by avowing himself a Jew, and, therefore, as he asserted, an impartial judge in the matter. Mrs. Rylan whispered to her husband to state the historical fact that Herod and Pontius Pilate had shaken hands together when Christ was to be opposed. On this he denied the truth of the New Testament altogether. Mr. Rylan took him up with that coolness of temper which a consciousness of truth ought always to give ; and, having from his own knowledge of the practical working of priestcraft in Ireland, triumphantly replied to all his attacks, endeavoured, at his wife's whispered suggestion, to make the conversation profitable, by faithfully and in a spirit of love laying the Gospel plan of salvation before him, as contrasted with what must be his hope as a Jew. Assuming, therefore, an entreating gentleness of manner, for the purpose of gaining a patient hearing, which the violent temper and manner of the Jew had previously made no easy matter, he proceeded

\* A fact.

to ask him two questions,—first, How he accounted for *the fact* that the Jews, whom all admitted (as he had lately heard a Protestant clergyman prove) to be always nationally the peculiar favourites of heaven, should have been, for about 1,800 years, visited with such grievous calamities and judgments, expelled from their own land, and scattered and peeled as outcasts and wanderers upon the face of the earth, unless it was for their rejection of the New Testament and the Gospel? That this appeared more unaccountable from the fact that, ever since the Babylonish captivity, the Jews had been free from the idolatry which had caused previous judgments upon them. Secondly, How an individual Jew, on his death-bed could hope for acceptance with the great Judge he was about to appear before? His own law declared a curse against any one that broke even one of its precepts. He appealed to the Jew whether he had not himself often broken it?—to which he nodded assent; and asked him what atonement or sacrifice to the justice of God a Jew could look for, now that it was rendered impossible for them to offer even those sacrifices of animals, according to the law of Moses, in the Temple of God at Jerusalem, making at the same time a warm and hearty confession of his own faith in “the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world;” and that this only true sacrifice seemed to be pointed out by the very fact of the exclusion of the Jews from their country, city, and temple, as not only a substitute for poor sinners, instead of the sacrifices of the law, but in point of fact the *substance* of which the former were but types and shadows—referring chiefly to the

seventh, ninth, and fifty-third chapters of Isaiah, and asking the Jew whether he was aware of a fact of which a converted Jew whom he met in London had told him; that *these chapters were omitted in their calendar of lessons to be publicly read in the synagogue, although the preceding and following chapters were ordered to be read*—and he concluded by saying how strongly this had reminded him of the Roman Catholic Priests, in keeping either the whole or parts of the Bible from the people.

Mr. Rylan's quiet and kind manner of asking these two questions having produced a lull in the storm of the Jewish gentleman's temper, he appeared rather ashamed of his previous warmth before the other passengers, who were listening attentively to the discussion; and to the first inquiry he replied, after some apparent confusion, by merely saying,\* he thought it must be *their divisions among themselves* that had brought upon the Jews the displeasure of heaven—a reply that appeared so unsatisfactory to the Jew himself from his manner of uttering it, that Mr. Rylan thought it unnecessary to make any remark on it, seeing that all present appeared to regard it as a giving up of the point. And when Mr. Rylan kindly asked his view as to the other question, about an atonement to Divine justice, to avail for the poor sinner in the prospect of appearing before his Judge, he appeared grave and thoughtful, and rather evaded it by saying he would inquire into the alleged fact of the Rabbis' omitting those chapters in their synagogue service.

This Jew was accompanied by a little boy, his son

\* A fact.

of about twelve or fourteen years of age, to whom he several times referred for passages against Christianity,\* upon which Mrs. Ryland remarked to her husband how sad it was to observe with what care those who were in grievous error brought up their children in enmity to the truth, and how bitter especially these Jews appeared to be against the religion of England.

Shortly after this conversation, the Jew came no more into that carriage, having either gone into another, or stopped at the last station.

On resuming their journey, the English gentleman above mentioned said,—

“Well, Sir, I have been listening with some interest to all you have been saying, especially about Ireland; and as you seem to be so well acquainted with that country, will you have the kindness to inform me on a subject that I do not yet clearly understand,—will† you tell me candidly are the Irish landlords, in your opinion, guilty of all that has been laid to their charge by a large portion of the public press, especially the Roman Catholic portion of it.”

“If you will permit me, Sir,” said Mr. Ryland, “to give you an *Irish answer*,—your question reminds me of an anecdote I once heard of an unfortunate man, who (when the laws were more severe than at present) was hanged for stealing a valuable horse. It came out, however, afterwards, that this man had not stolen the horse at all, but had done what was quite as bad,—looked on unconcerned while a villain knocked the rider off with a stone, and

\* A fact.

† A fact.

robbed him of his purse ; the horse had strayed away, and another man had stolen and sold him. He was supposed to be the thief of the horse, and thus was executed for what he had not done ; but all said he deserved it, for making no attempt to hinder the outrage, as he had it in his power to do."

The gentleman laughed at this Irish illustration, and said—

" I understand you to mean that the Irish landlords are not guilty of the charges brought against them, but that they are, in the providence of God, punished for something else they have done. Pray, Sir, will you tell me what you think that thing is ?"

" Why, Sir, they have allowed their unfortunate Roman Catholic tenantry to be trampled on, and, in a spiritual sense, *robbed*, by the Pope and his Priests—robbed of liberty of conscience—robbed of the Bible—robbed of the scriptural education of their children. I need hardly say, robbed, too, of their money, for masses and superstitions of no profit,—for the loss of money is as nothing to being robbed of the Bible and the Gospel. I lament to say it is a fact, though there are some happy exceptions of late years, that the Protestant landlords of Ireland have for years past allowed the Priests to do what they pleased with their tenantry without any effort to counteract it. They never provided scriptural schools for their children ; they, with very few exceptions, countenanced the establishment of the National Schools upon their properties, from which the Bible is excluded. They never ventured, as they were bound to do as Protestants, to set their faces honestly and openly against what they professed

at least to believe to be idolatry and soul-destroying superstition; and, above all, when the Priests cursed and persecuted any unfortunate converts that came over, they never interposed to shelter and protect them, or to give them employment; but allowed the spiritual task-masters of Ireland to crush them with impunity upon their properties, on which they ought to be as nursing fathers to all, especially the weak and oppressed."

"But, Sir," continued Mr. Rylan, "it would be unfair to blame the *Irish* landlords alone for this. *Englishmen and Scotchmen holding property in Ireland are doing the same.* A recent instance\* of this occurred, which caused much pain and regret to all true Protestants, especially as the individual by his high rank and official station ought to be an example and a pattern to others. This landlord had the parish Priest at his right-hand, at a dinner given to his tenantry, and eulogised his Reverence as a truly '*Christian pastor*,' who will never improperly interfere in party politics, or with the elective franchise. He tells the assembled tenantry that it is, perhaps, without reason Roman Catholic Priests are said to have so interfered, and that he believes them to be good subjects, loyal, and attached to the British constitution. In all which every one acquainted with Ireland knows him to be grossly mistaken. I have heard also of a case,† in which an English landlord discouraged the work of Reformation by refusing ground for a church on his Irish property, under very blamable circumstances."

\* A fact.

† A fact.

"Well, Sir," replied the gentleman, "do you think that had they done what you require in this matter they would have had any success? Would it not have been in vain, through the overwhelming influence of the Priests?"

"It appears to me, Sir," said Mr. Rylan, "that the question should be, What is their *duty* as Protestant Christians?—not what success they might calculate on before hand. I think if the preachers of the Gospel in the time of Christ, and the apostles, had depended on the probability of success, you and I would now be bowing down to stocks and stones. It appears to me that this is the glory of God's truth, that it will surely prevail against all opposition, *provided his professed disciples do their part and duty in the matter*, as the 'salt of the earth, and the light of the world;' and that when they will not do this in faith, leaving the result to God, He will punish them by allowing idolatry and superstition to prevail, so as to deprive them and their country of even the temporal blessings which true religion always brings with it. And I think *this remark applies to Sovereigns and their Ministers of State, and Parliaments*, just as much as to landlords and others having influence in a smaller sphere; and *that Christ, the Great Master of all, will hold them responsible at the last day.*"

"But, Sir," continued he, "I am convinced that great as is the power of the Priests, it would yield at length under an honest, faithful, and patient system of scriptural opposition, especially from the landlords. I have myself been a Roman Catholic, and my happy emancipation from priestcraft has led me to bestow



much and deep thought on this matter; to read many books, and consult several faithful Protestant clergymen on the subject. Nay, I am of opinion that many an honest-minded Roman Catholic farmer would be glad to be able to give the Priest the excuse that if he did not send his children to the landlord's scriptural school, he would lose the favour of the landlord. It may be a question with some whether a landlord would be justified in *insisting* on his tenantry sending their children to his scriptural school, requiring them merely to read their own Bible without note or comment, according to the plan of what was called the Kildare-place Society, but not interfering with their religion by requiring them to learn catechisms; but, I think, none could question the landlord's right, or rather his *duty*, to say, 'I will encourage and show peculiar favour to such of my tenantry as will honour God by desiring to have his Word taught to their children—even their own Bible. I will prefer them to others, when there is a choice, for I never expect my tenantry to improve, or my property to prosper, till that is done. I expect nothing but degradation, and worse, among them, till that is done.'

"But, Sir," continued Mr. Rylan, "there is one point on which the landlords are totally without excuse, and that is, *allowing their tenants, at the bidding of the Priest, to crush and persecute any poor man or woman who dares to exercise liberty of conscience.* Since my prejudices have been removed, I have been greatly struck with the difference between Protestantism, when consistently carried out, and Popery, on this very point. All Protestant *coercion* is, I see,

intended to be entirely *defensive* and *protective*; Popery crushes and persecutes on principle. I once thought the outcry made by the Priests and Roman Catholic press against what they called Protestant persecution, was well-founded; but I now see all such restrictions were but necessary *safeguards* against the crushing tyranny of Rome. I myself am now, as a landlord, acting on this principle. I have sent peremptory warnings to all my Roman Catholic tenants that if any act of oppression, such as turning a labourer out of house or employment, because he chooses to exercise liberty of conscience, or refusing to reinstate those who were so used, under the altar-curse, should take place on any of my property, I would remove the tenant as soon as in my power. And I not only expect to be successful in this, but that in their hearts these poor honest-minded Roman Catholic farmers will, with the exception, perhaps, of a few bigots, be very glad to have an excuse for not carrying out those cruel mandates of the Priests, which, if left to themselves, the poor fellows would be far from doing, and which are, I am sure, painful to their feelings.

"It is my opinion, Sir," continued Mr. Rylan, "that if the Protestant landlords *just at the present time* firmly carried out this one principle, *of not allowing persecution on their properties*, they would accomplish incalculable good, if not secure the reformation of Ireland. There are just now numbers of the labouring class who have in different places become converts. The moment this is done the hideous

altar-curse\* deprives these creatures of employment and of all the usual means of support. They must be immediately scattered to the poorhouses or foreign lands, unless taken up and employed in an extraordinary manner by the clergyman of the parish or some other benevolent individual. Well, this is done for some time; but the resources fail—subscriptions cannot be got—the clergyman finds he is perhaps injuring his family in providing for these poor persecuted brethren. The poor convert, though perhaps having as sincere a value for liberty and truth as ordinary Protestants, but not as yet possessing the actual spirit of a martyr, at length yields, under the pressure of wretchedness and want, in food, clothing and dwelling; and for the mere purpose of getting a share in the employment of the country, brings reproach upon the good work by going openly back to mass; and, what is worst of all, takes with him, perhaps, a family of fine, intelligent children, of whose future steadfastness in Protestantism in due time there could be little or no doubt. A Protestant clergyman told me he had lost some valuable families of converts in this way† who would never have gone back to Popery if they had any possible way of existence under Protestant liberty and light; and the clergyman added that this evil is greatly aggravated by the fact that the Government grant of about 130,000*l.* per annum to Maynooth and the National Schools has a tendency to keep the Priests

\* For a description of the altar-curse see "Poor Paddy's Cabin," page 49, &c., fourth edition.

† A fact.

and the farming class in one corporate body, with united interests throughout nearly all Ireland; \* as that, not only are the farmers locked up themselves against the good work of the reformation now going on, but they become the tools of the Priests to crush it, in a great measure, among the labouring class by shutting out the poor converts from employment, and denying them the common offices of humanity, inasmuch as it is the farmers who have employment to give."

The English gentleman then said, he had no idea till now of the real state of things in Ireland, and that he would do all in his power to make it known in England; but that still he thought that the Maynooth and National School grants made no difference in the matter, for that Popery would hold its ground even if no such grants were made.

"Well, Sir," replied Mr. Ryland, "I am sorry to be obliged to differ from you, for, to say nothing of the national sin of the thing, so likely to provoke the Lord to withhold his blessing, give me 130,000*l.* per annum for the purpose, and, if I was wicked enough to go about it, I'd undertake to introduce and maintain Hindooism or Mahommedanism, more or less, in any country. What an impediment, then, must the spending that sum for the maintenance of Popery, which I know to be its practical operation, be to the glorious cause of truth and liberty of conscience throughout Ireland!"

"Then, Sir," said the English gentleman, "you seem altogether to deny any right in the Priests to the

\* See this subject more fully handled in chapter xi. *supra*.

obedience of those who choose to put and keep themselves under them, and whom they call 'their subjects!'

"I confess I do, Sir, altogether. As a plain, honest man, I cannot believe that God, who is the source of all power and rule, *has conferred authority on any man to teach error of any kind*, much less such error as will destroy the precious souls of his creatures. I think, at all events, such authority as ordination may confer is altogether null and void, so far as the teaching of error is concerned, or at least till the erroneous teaching is given up, and the true Gospel taught instead, as was done at the Reformation."

Mrs. Rylan here handed her pocket Bible to her husband, who read a few passages she had marked, and pointed out—

"Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing." (Matt. vii. 15.)

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God, because many false prophets have gone out into the world." (1 John iv. 1.)

"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye." "We ought to obey God rather than man." (Acts iv. 19, and v. 29.)

"Prove all things—hold fast that which is good." (1 Thess. v. 21.)

Having now arrived at the station whither he was travelling, the English gentleman cordially shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Rylan, and wished them success in their plans of improvement at home in Ireland.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### "FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS."

How precious is mercy when conscience distresses !  
How sweet is forgiveness when guilt e'er oppresses !  
Thus lovely the smiles which estrangement had shrouded,  
And the brow with suspicion no longer is clouded.

ON their arrival in Dublin, Mr. and Mrs. Rylan stopped at the Imperial Hotel, in Sackville-street, and thence removed to private apartments; and, when business would permit, went with the two children to see the College and other places that are considered the ornaments of the Irish metropolis. They also took every opportunity of attending the controversial lectures given in different places by clergymen according to the plans of "the Irish Church Missions," being anxious to make themselves fully acquainted with the subjects at issue between the United Church of England and Ireland and the Church of Rome, with a view to extending the Reformation in their own locality on their return. On this blessed work their hearts were fully set, and they looked forward with pleasing anticipations to being actively engaged in the work, notwithstanding the hostility and abuse they expected from the Priests and the Roman Catholic

press. Mr. Rylan, however, said he rather pitied than blamed the poor Priests, who, under the espionage and slavery of their system, dare not but carry out its anti-social and persecuting principles—having a species of martyrdom staring them in the face should they dare to assert liberty of conscience either for themselves or their flocks. And as for the Roman Catholic press, he said he knew they were in many cases but the slaves of their supporters and subscribers; that he thought what they wrote was not always in accordance with their real sentiments; that he considered that with such the abuse of Protestants, and especially of converts, was a matter of trade and business, and might just as naturally be expected of them as nauseous drugs at an apothecary's. He was happy, too, he said, to perceive in some of them a spirit of independence, so far as now and then to blame and oppose the ultra-montane and extravagant proceedings of some of their brethren. Nothing gave him more unmitigated satisfaction than to read, in one of the southern Roman Catholic journals, an able editorial paragraph, strongly condemning the violent language and proceedings of certain of their brethren, and declaring that, if such were the real sentiments and conduct of Roman Catholics in general, the Protestants would be fully justified in withholding all civil and religious privileges, and enacting penal laws for their own protection.\* He said he intended becoming a subscriber to that journal, and that he thought Protestants ought to patronize such, as asserting liberty of conscience, to a certain extent, under

\* A fact.

very trying circumstances; and that they ought to bear with any remaining defects, hoping for better things in due season, especially considering the great talent often displayed by the editors and reporters of those journals, so truly worthy of a better cause.

One morning, as Mr. and Mrs. Rylan were proceeding from their lodgings along Upper Sackville-street, Mr. Rylan holding little Nanny by the hand, and the mother the little boy, they met face to face the young coadjutor Priest of their parish, the Rev. Michael Roney. On his approaching them they expected to be greeted with the downcast scowl usual on such occasions, on meeting persons against whom this very young man had often thundered forth the fearful anathemas of *Mother Church*. To their great surprise, however, he looked upon the family group with a kind and sweet smile, that almost made them doubt his identity; then for a moment he appeared pale, which was succeeded by a blush, as if doubtful of a response, his features relaxing again into an affectionate smile, as he approached, and held out his hand to each of them. Mr. and Mrs. Rylan's first glance of cautious estrangement at meeting a supposed bitter enemy having fully given way under the sunshine of that look of simple and unaffected good will, which will carry all but a heartless brute before it, warmly seized each of the young Priest's hands between theirs, and gave him a genuine Irish assurance of the full confidence they now placed in that language of "the human face divine," that spoke the feelings of the heart, and produced a conviction of sincerity that scarcely needed an explanation to ratify it.



The forms of cold courtesy having been entirely superseded by the eloquence of that lovely and genuine language of nature, which these mutual looks, and kind, though nearly silent, greetings spoke, all seemed at home in each other's company in a few moments ; all seemed to feel under the influence of some secret and invisible bond of the soul, that bespoke an essential "unity of spirit," which appeared to promise the same heaven of peace and love to parties who had previously known each other only as antipodes in principle and in feeling. Before any explanation could be given, the children had caught the flame of honest affection ; and no sooner had the young Priest's hands been loosed from the affectionate grasp of the parents, than the two little ones, one at each side, seized them, and laid their claim to a full share of the enjoyment such an unexpected meeting of reconciliation and love had afforded.

Forgetting that they were not yet in heaven, but in a world where the loveliest flowers of genuine affection are often blighted by the chilling glance of pride and ill-nature, this family group, of which the young Priest seemed to be quite one, were well-nigh exhibiting the same scene of amusement to a gaping crowd which Tom Sheehan and his sister \* had, in their genuine Irish affection, on meeting in the streets of Pittsburgh, in America, or as Tom and Maureen, on meeting so unexpectedly in the Main-street in Cork.

But Mrs. Rylan suggested that all should immediately withdraw to their apartments, where an opportunity would be afforded for that explanation which all

\* See "Poor Paddy's Cabin," pp. 161, 208—9, fourth edition.

seemed so anxious should, be given, and to which all seemed to look forward with so much pleasing and happy curiosity. Taking the hint from his wife, Mr. Rylan immediately put her hand upon the young man's arm, who had just held it out with a polite and respectful bow; and, taking the two children by the hand, he led the way, and they proceeded quickly back to their apartments.

Anticipating their anxiety to ask him, the young Priest mildly said,—

"As you may suppose, dear brother and sister (for such I will now venture to call you), I am no longer the slave of an anti-social and persecuting Church; but I humbly trust, through the mercy of God"—

"Oh!" said Mr. Rylan, interrupting, "I concluded as much, and have been thanking the Lord in my heart from the first moment we met; indeed, the moment we entered this room I—and I'm sure my dear wife too," (giving an affectionate glance at her placid, yet animated countenance, as if he thought he would do her a wrong to omit her)—"I and my dear wife were burning to say, 'Welcome, dear brother in Jesus; welcome to our room, welcome to our hearts, welcome to our home, to all that a Saviour's love has given, to all that a Saviour's love would bind us to share with you, and with all that love Him in sincerity; but we thought it right to wait till you had said something first.'"

"Well, dear brother and sister in Jesus, as your kind words fully warrant my calling you, I trust I now am, through the mercy of God, an humble follower of the still despised Jesus of Nazareth, and

willing to share with you, and also with the humblest of our persecuted brethren, in the burden and heat of your, dear Ireland's day of trial and spiritual toil ; and oh ! that I could be an humble follower of the great apostle whose writings have for a long time past been, above all other parts of the Bible, the food of my soul, and, like him, 'now preach the faith which once I destroyed.' Let the Lord only employ me in any part of his vineyard. I have been a Jesuit ; implicit and unhesitating obedience to the commands of the General of my order, and through him to the Pope, has been my perverted maxim ;\* but Jesus has taught me the secret of this false *Jesuitism* ; to bestow it on any but Jesus himself is to rob Him of his crown, and place it on the head of Antichrist. Henceforth not *Ignatius Loyola*, nor the Pope, shall have a tittle of my implicit and unhesitating obedience. I will, the Lord being my helper, bestow it on Him whose right it is—on the great 'Captain of our Salvation : ' and oh ! may I be among those 'many sons whom He is leading to glory,' though it be 'through sufferings,' after his example. Let Him but employ me in the glorious work of Ireland's reformation, even in the humblest situation. I pray that God may enable me to say, in the spirit of the Psalmist, with reference to the truly spiritual example of Gospel Protestantism, in faith and love towards Christ, 'I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the most splendid temple of King's glory and sensual religion.'

This earnest and warm-hearted sentiment of the

\* See the Rev. Richard Dwyer's "Struggles with the Jesuits," p. 12, &c. &c.

faith and feelings was followed by a scene of renewed and affectionate greetings from Mr. and Mrs. Rylan and the children. After which Mrs. Rylan proposed that, before they asked Mr. Roney to give an account of his conversion, all should kneel down together, and thank God for his goodness and mercy to them all. On rising from his knees, the young Priest said:—

"Before I proceed to give you an account of what God has done for my soul, I must tell you what joy it gave me to learn, through your steward at Derny Castle, that you had found the dear woman, the dear child of God, to whom I owe my conversion, and that you had made her your wife."

Poor Mrs. Rylan, on hearing this announcement, looked amazed, in the midst of the joy it gave her, wondering how and in what manner she could have been instrumental in the young Priest's conversion. He had come to the parish just about the time she left the Church of Rome; she had never gone to confession to him, or even had any personal interview with him. She had merely been informed of his being the chief instrument in the Sunday altar-cursing against her and the other converts.

"Yes," said the Priest, "to that dear woman, your wife there, I owe my knowledge of that only, one, true Catholic faith, of which I previously had but the name, or rather Satan's forgery of it; but never saw the brightness of the true coin with *the King's image and superscription*, till she sent it to me to look at."

Mrs. Rylan's amazement increased, but she silently awaited an explanation, her bland and placid counte-

nance being fixed with kind and inquisitive glance upon the young man, as if she now regarded him rather as her beloved son than as a convert.

"To go back a little in the matter," he continued, "when a few years ago, the work of conversion began to make progress, and when it was crowned by so respectable and independent a convert as *Mrs. Desmond*, my poor, amiable, old parish Priest, Father Lannon, whose fatherly kindness to me I shall never forget, though now he is obliged, at his peril, to treat me as an outcast and an alien, being overwhelmed with dismay and perplexity, wrote to his Bishop, informing him of the state of affairs, using the strong expression that 'the grass would soon grow on the floor of his chapel, if the jumpers and soupers were not put down,' and asking his aid in the matter.

"I was then with the Bishop, having just come from Maynooth, where I had laid myself out for furnishing my mind with controversial weapons, looking for singular applause, and even preferment, for the victories I fully calculated on gaining over the Protestants. The Bishop, however, though much pleased with my controversial knowledge and zeal, *cautioned me against entering into public controversy*, stating that it seldom had any other effect than teaching the people to doubt of the true religion, and to become too restless and inquisitive on the subject,—*that the great power of the Church lay in her private dealings with the consciences of mankind, especially in the confessional*,—and that the clergy, when in possession of the secrets of the heart, could manage whole households, *especially through the female head*,"—(giving a look of

appeal to Mrs. Rylan, as much as to say, you know well what I mean),—"and could discover and guard against any approaches to heresy, such as Bible reading, &c.

"As soon as Father Lannon's letter came, the Bishop sent for me, and having read it for me, and made many remarks, especially on, what he considered so happy a circumstance on the right side, as the property having passed from Protestant hands to those of a talented and zealous Roman Catholic gentleman, who had promised to aid and second him in all his plans for banishing the jumpers and soupers from the district—whom I afterwards found to be *you*, Mr. Rylan—and how wonderfully has the Lord disappointed the enemies of truth and liberty of conscience, in respect of both!—the Bishop then said,—‘Now, Roney, you see how matters stand, you must go for me at once and take possession of that important post, as coadjutor to poor old Father Lannon,—I know nobody so well suited to it.’ He then paid me some compliments about my learning and zeal, and especially on my fine stentorian voice, to astonish and awe into submission all who were disposed to heresy, by giving full effect to the artillery of the altar. He added, ‘Poor Father Lannon has opened the fire on the enemy, I understand, with as much power as could be expected from him; but now I send a young and energetic officer to *keep up the fire* with proper vigour.’\*

"Had I even disliked the service, I dare not question the commands of my superior. But I rejoiced in it, in the prospect of soon ‘putting to flight the armies

\* A fact.

of the aliens,' as I then blindly regarded the dear disciples of Jesus.

"On my arrival, Father Lannon received me with open arms into his house, and if I cannot now regard him as a *spiritual* father, as I then did, I shall never forget his kindness, more than fatherly, if possible, while I live.

"The separate dwelling which was preparing for me, not being ready for a considerable time, I spent the interval at his house. In the evenings, as we sat together, he used to unbosom all his cares and thoughts to me, and consult me on everything.

"One day, just before I was called on to utter the curse of '*the greater excommunication against the Widow Desmond and others*,' he came home to dinner, looking greatly cast down and uneasy. I asked him the cause. 'Oh,' said he, 'you may well guess, it is owing to these deluded jumpers, I'll tell you all the particulars in the evening. I never felt so distressed in my life, for I never understood till now what it is that, in one who can have no motive of lucre or worldly interest, can so wonderfully break all the bonds that, as you and I well know, bind all our people to us and the holy Mother Church.'

"In the evening, as we sat together, he resumed the subject, and began to give me the details of a pastoral visit he had that day paid to *the Widow Desmond*. That he was amazed how she could have in a few months attained such a knowledge of Scripture. 'I confess,' said he, 'I felt ashamed of my own ignorance, and regretted that the study of the Bible, with a view to convince heretics, was not cultivated more among

us, and that we should be, morning, noon, and night, over the breviary, which is of no use on such occasions. Her wonderful acquaintance with Scripture was, no doubt, partly accounted for by her well-known superior mind and native talent, when once she took to reading it ;"—(Mr. Rylan here gave a look of unmingled satisfaction and affection at his wife, who held down her head, the benign gravity of her countenance relaxing into a smile at the compliment)—"but it was fully accounted for by the unwearied attentions and tampering of those "demoralizing" pests, the Scripture-readers, who soon found her out and lent her all kinds of papers and tracts against our holy religion, especially one entitled, "The Religion of Roman Catholics not found in their own Douay Bible." They had also marked a number of passages for her in a Douay Bible ; she had some seeming to charge us with image-worship, and others that appeared to prove (*unless interpreted by the Church*) that Christ alone would forgive and save a sinner, without his resorting to the absolution of the Priest, and the rites of the Church. But worst of all, they had lent her this little Church of England Prayer-book, which I kept from her (taking it out of his pocket), and this Eleventh Article of their thirty-nine heresies, had been carefully marked for her,—she had it at her fingers' ends, and on the tip of her tongue ; ay, and I fear the devil had put it into her heart too, for she was most obstinate and steadfast about it—she seemed so happy and comfortable in it, that I gave up all hopes of her from that alone ; indeed, I pitied her for it too, for really, to tell you the truth, when I read it myself, and heard



her speak of it, I thought it was so comfortable a doctrine to any one that was foolish enough to believe it, that I didn't think it safe for a Catholic to be talking to these poor heretics about it; and so I left her with the threat of the altar-curse, which you, dear Father Roney, must give out on Sunday next.'

"Poor Father Lannon was not aware that his feelings were leading him to draw such a picture of a supposed heretic as led me, in spite of myself, to admire it. I began immediately to doubt of the Roman Catholic religion. I eagerly grasped the Prayer-book, and read the Eleventh Article. Its every word seemed to account to me fully both for Mrs. Desmond's steadfastness, and for poor Father Lannon's perplexity about it. 'Oh,' said I to myself, 'how happy should I be, how *comforted*, if I could believe myself a justified sinner and a child of God in that way, as Mrs. Desmond does.' And then one sentence that he had uttered in reference to that comforting doctrine not being true and scriptural—that is, '*unless interpreted by the Church*,' took hold of my mind—it struck me there was something unsound; that when the question was whether 'the Church' was teaching truth or not, plain passages of Scripture should be deprived of their meaning, which might be against her, and made to mean what that Church herself wished. I had prepared myself, as I thought, to prove the Church of Rome by the Scriptures; but the notion that it was only the Scriptures as *given a meaning by that Church herself*, would do this for me, rushed into my mind and agitated me into a cold perspiration, and all my confidence in my controversial

powers seemed to forsake me. I thought if this were so, the Church of Rome might save herself the trouble of this round-about process, and at once say *she was to be counted the true Church because she herself said so*. I felt that if Protestants should throw this argument upon me, I really could not answer it.

"Father Lannon saw my uneasiness, but never suspected the cause of it; seeming to ascribe it to my indignation against heresy; but, in the warmth of his feelings, he went so far as to say, 'Well, at all events I am happy to think that in the hour of death I can myself depend on the merits of Christ too, without disturbing the Church at my time of life.'"

"Oh, dear Mr. Roney," said Mrs. Desmond, with much animation, "don't you think that showed poor Father Lannon was himself led to trust in Jesus alone, though not seeing yet the duty of openly confessing the faith of Christ. I have always loved that dear old man, and it would rejoice my heart to think I should meet him in the Saviour's kingdom."

"I think you are right, dear Mrs. Rylan. I have great hope it is so; for I should be ungrateful if I did not love him too. His words, '*at my time of life*,' however, told trumpet-tongued on my conscience. It at once struck me that these words implied an escape from the convictions of his heart, and, though he never meant it as such, it was a powerful hint to me, a young man who could not have any such excuse. Everything that has taken place since between us, leads me to the pleasing hope that that poor old Priest is, ever since the day you so faithfully laid the truth before him, an humble, penitent, self-condemning sinner, who will

never trust to anything but the mercy and love of Christ, and though he probably never will see the duty of leaving the Church of Rome, may we not hope that it is a sin of ignorance and infirmity, from which the blood of Jesus will cleanse him, and that he and many such simple souls, *who have heard the truth from Protestant lips*, will be found among those 'hiddden ones' 'who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' (Rev. vii. 14.) "And oh, dear Mrs. Rylan," said he with much warmth, "what a lively feeling does this give me of my unspeakable obligations to *you*! You little thought when, at the peril of all that was dear to you in this life, you were making an honest and faithful confession of the truth, you were thus securing, as I humbly trust, the salvation of an unworthy sinner and bigoted Romish zealot as I was."

Mrs. Rylan felt this too deeply to make any immediate reply, as she wiped away some tears of joyful emotion. But Mr. Rylan, whose joy was no less, though not so overcoming to the feelings, than hers, said,—

"Oh that we, and all who love the Saviour, may ever remember our high calling as 'the salt of the earth, and the light of the world,' and never lose an opportunity of 'speaking the truth in love.'"

"Yes, dear husband," said Mrs. Rylan, opening her Bible for a passage, "we may never know the result, perhaps, till we unexpectedly meet in heaven some precious soul to give us the joy dear Mr. Roney has now given us, and to 'welcome us into everlasting habitations.' (Luke xvi. 9.) Every such soul will be

a bright jewel in our crown of glory. I have great faith in this passage of the Bible, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, *for it shall be found after many days.*'"

"It reminds me," said Mr. Rylan, "of the sweet anecdote we read the other day of the old and experienced Christian, who said, 'Should I, through the mercy of God, arrive in heaven, I think there are three things that will surprise me—first, I fear I shall miss some whom I expected to meet there; secondly, I am sure I shall find many whom I never expected to meet there; but nothing will be a greater surprise to me than to find such an unworthy sinner as myself there.'"

## CHAPTER XX.

### A FAMILY MOVEMENT.

MR. and MRS. RYLAN warmly pressed their new brother not only to stay at their expense with them during their sojourn in Dublin, but to accompany them down to their mansion, which they said he might regard as his home.

To the former of these invitations, he in part acceded, candidly telling them he had come up to Dublin with only a few shillings in his pocket—that when they met him, he was on his way to the office of that excellent Institution, so much needed in the present state of Ireland, the “Priests Protection Society,” at No. 17, Upper Sackville-street.

The latter invitation, however, he declined, with the warmest expressions of gratitude. He stated that he could not venture to remain in the part of the country where he was known as a Priest. That the feeling against him was so bitter as to endanger his life—that he felt, also, he would be perhaps endangering the lives of his kind host and hostess—that the feeling against a Priest who had forsaken Romanism was ten times greater than against any lay person, and that he would not, at all events, add to any danger they might incur. He assured them it was not fear,

but what he considered Christian prudence, dictated this; and he referred to our Lord's considerate instructions to his disciples, "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another." (Matt. x. 23.) Besides that, he had reason to hope that the *Priests Protection Society* would enable him to obtain some employment in the Protestant Church, whereby he would be saved from the pain of being a burden to his friends, and be usefully employed in his Master's work, for the benefit of his poor enslaved fellow-countrymen.

Mr. and Mrs. Rylan said that, however deeply they would regret parting from him, they could not but think his plan was the wisest under the circumstances, but insisted on his constantly *reporting progress* to them of his proceedings, and especially that he should let them know if he wanted money.

Being detained in Dublin by business for some time longer than he expected, Mr. Rylan wrote to his steward at Derry Castle to forward to him any letters that should come.

One morning, as they sat at breakfast, Mrs. Rylan observed that her husband looked anxious and thoughtful. She affectionately asked him the reason of this, to which he replied,—

"Dear Kitty, I have scarcely had any sleep last night thinking of my two poor daughters, Mary and Betsy. You know we have made them the subject of daily prayer, and if it should be the Lord's will to send an answer, I think I shall be truly happy; but when I think of the narrow bigotry of the one—which is only equalled by that of her husband—and of the

bitter spirit poor Betsy, your brother's widow, showed ever since I was obliged to deprive them of the farm, I have little hopes, humanly speaking, of either of them. I have been thinking, too, how sad to have their little children brought up in Popery. I know I ought to leave all this in the hands of the Lord, but yet I cannot help feeling anxious and uneasy about them. As they both live in so distant a part of Ireland, I do not suppose either has yet heard of our marriage."

"I, too, dear husband," she replied, "have had many anxious thoughts on the subject. Indeed, it is the only thing that has interrupted my happiness since our marriage. I have been uneasy lest this should make bad worse—lest I should be a stumbling-block in the way of your dear children and grand-children, either as to their affectionate intercourse with you, or as to their leaving the errors of the Church of Rome. My only support under this trial is making it a subject of more earnest prayer; and I have often thought that the Lord suffers his children to feel pain and uneasiness in order to remind them and drive them to the happy duty of pouring out their hearts before their Heavenly Father in prayer. This has always afforded me relief."

Several conversations of this kind took place between them on the subject, always ending in their kneeling together in earnest prayer.

One morning as they sat at breakfast, the waiter came in with a large packet of letters, some of which had been forwarded by post from Denny Castle.

The first that presented itself was a large letter

with two postage-stamps, at sight of which poor Mr. Rylan turned pale, and reaching it unopened with trembling hand to his wife, he said—

"This is from my poor daughter Mary. I haven't a heart to open and read it. Do open it, beloved wife, and glance at the contents, and let me know the substance. 'Tis a very long one. Oh, I suppose 'tis a lecture dictated perhaps by the Priest. I can read it through when time has restored my nerves."

Mrs. Rylan who, with the watchful sympathy of an affectionate wife, had, on observing his uneasiness, risen from her seat, and was standing beside her husband's chair with her hand gently laid upon his neck, opened the letter in agitated silence, as if she shuddered at the thought of seeing its contents, the husband all the while looking earnestly in her face, as if to read them there.

"Oh, dear husband," she exclaimed, her countenance brightening up with a smile of joy, "blessed be our God, all is right; dear Mary is a Protestant and her husband too."\*

She could say no more, but falling on her knees she clasped the open letter to her bosom.

"This can't be true," said Mr. Rylan, as he too fell on his knees beside her, and both for a few moments seemed to find no utterance for their feelings but in lifting up their hearts and hands in thankgivings. The two children kneeling beside them in joyful sympathy completed the family group.

Rising from their knees, they both stood together reading the letter as follows:—

"Beloved Father,—I will not keep you in suspense.

\* A fact.



*I am a Protestant, and my dear husband too.* I will tell you presently how the Lord brought about this happy event. But how can I be thankful enough that I am permitted to write this intelligence to a father who will now rejoice at it ! What a drawback would it have been had you, my beloved father, continued the slave of the Priests (as you, on the day of my marriage, complained to me in confidence you felt yourself to be), and that I should have had the painful task of informing you that your daughter had joined the jumpers, as we used so wickedly to call the followers of the Saviour—to say nothing of the misery your continuing such would have caused me.

“I have heard of your marriage, too, and I rejoice at it.”

This was too much for poor Mrs. Rylan. She burst into a flood of tears on reading this part of the letter, and, unable to proceed, handed it to her husband, who, with scarcely less emotion, proceeded to read—

“When you sent me and my sister to that boarding-school, I heard of *Kitty Doherty*, when her father had sent her there for some months. She was remembered as the favourite of the mistress and the whole school, and her diligence and talent were such that they said she learned more in those few months than others in many, and all regretted her being taken away, though the mistress said she was glad of so unusual a thing as an Irish farmer, even of the respectable class, giving his daughter any of the advantages of a respectable school.”

Mr. Rylan stopped to give his wife a smile of satisfaction, and then continued to read :—

“And you remember, dear father, how mild, gentle, and resigned she looked in the midst of her misfortunes on the day of my wedding when she came to the window. I could not join in the heartless sneers and scoffs of the Priests and some others against her on that occasion; and I noticed, too, the misery it gave *you* to treat her as you did; but I then thought it was all right, being for the good of the Church. Give her my duty and affection, and tell her I shall endeavour to be to her as dutiful a daughter as I am sure she will be an affectionate and faithful wife to my dear father. As she in the providence of God occupies the place of my beloved mother, I shall aim at transferring to her that affection, through a sense of duty and on principle which nature provided in the other case; and I have no doubt but her very high Christian principle will secure to me from her all the affection of a mother. But I must hasten to tell you, dear father, about my own and my beloved husband’s conversion.

“Immediately after our arrival at ——,\* the Priest of that town invited us, as bride and bridegroom, to spend an evening at his house, and he assembled a good many of his friends, most of them ignorant and vulgar people, to meet us. The ladies had tea, and the Priest and his friends had punch. I amused myself by looking at some books in a distant corner of the room. While looking at a history that I had been told was forbidden by the Church, I was surprised and alarmed by seeing the Priest peeping over my shoulder. ‘Pardon me, Father,’ said I, ‘for looking into an infidel book. Curiosity led me to open it, and I

\* A fact.

found it so interesting I could not stop.' 'Oh, my daughter,' said he, 'you shall read it. It is only these poor *devils* over there (pointing to his vulgar friends at the other end of the room), who may not read such. You and I who are educated, may do as we like!' I joyfully took the book home with me—but the sentence rang in my ears, 'you and I who are educated may read anything!' Well, then, thought I, I will get a Bible, and read that. I obtained a Bible, and read it carefully, praying to God to guide me. And, praise to his holy name, He blessed the reading to my soul. I first clearly saw that the whole spirit of the Bible was quite against all the notions of religion I had; and then certain passages struck me as incapable of being reconciled with Popery. I continued for two years a Protestant in heart, but I had not courage to tell my husband. I ventured, however, to tell him the Priest's remark, and left the Bible in his way, praying earnestly that God would lead him to the truth. At length, one morning I observed he stopped an unusual length of time in his closet, and when he was coming to the breakfast-table he looked pale and agitated; and before I could inquire the cause, he took my hand affectionately. I felt he was trembling with nervous excitement. 'My\* wife,' said he, evidently expecting indignation from me, 'I am a Protestant!' He said no more, nor did I give him time to do so. I rose, and threw my arms about his neck, saying, 'Oh, how can I thank my God for his great mercy; let us praise Him together. I, too, have been one for two years, but I never had

\* A fact.

courage to tell you.' I then told him all the steps the Lord had led me by, and heard the same from him. And henceforth we were one—reading, praying, and praising God together. Just then we were informed of your conversion and marriage.

“And now, beloved father, the only drawback to our happiness, as I am sure it is to yours, is the sad case of my poor sister Betsy. Perhaps, however, you may bring her round. We shall make her a subject of earnest prayer, that the Lord may bring her and her two fine children out of their present state of spiritual darkness and bondage. Oh, what a beautiful passage that is in the Gospel, ‘If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.’ (John viii. 36.) No more at present from your ever fond child, ——.”

## CHAPTER XXI.

### DEAD AND LIVING.

How lovely is spring after winter, embracing  
All Nature in death, ev'ry landscape defacing:  
Thus glorious the change, all our senses surprising,  
When the tomb we shall leave, from its portals arising.

AMONG the letters that arrived that morning, was one awkwardly folded, seemingly written on bits of paper torn out of a copy-book, with the address at the top of the corner, in two lines, in an unfinished, vulgar hand. Mr. Rylan, thinking it was some begging petition, and being, as well as his wife, so deeply engrossed in the contents of his daughter's letter, threw it aside, intending to read it at his leisure. In the course of the day, however, he carelessly took it up and opened it, while Mrs. Rylan sat mending some of the children's clothes.

"Bless me, what is this!" exclaimed he in amazement, as his wife ran over, astonished at his voice and manner. "Can this be true, or am I dreaming, or is somebody playing a trick with me? No, 'tis his hand-writing; I remember it. Can it be true that poor James O'Connor, that his wife told me she saw buried, is alive and well?—and it is dated only two *days ago*."

They both began reading in amazement,—

“Honoured Master and Mistress,—I write these few lines hoping to find God has kept you alive and well, as I am at present, though all the neabours had me dead and buried, and poor Biddy, my wife, too. Sure all the world won’t persuade her but I came back again from the dead, the same as the woman of Biddy’s family, long ago, that they think did the like, and came back to her husband,\* as we used to be telling. But, dear Master and Mistress, I wasn’t dead at all, and I won’t pertend to it, as Biddy’s grandmother did, and made all the foolish people believe her. I wouldn’t tell a lie about it for the world. They never will find one that reads God’s Word setting them foolish stories going. Sure to have another man of the same name die and be buried,† wouldn’t kill *me*. That’s the way it happened, dear Master and Mistress. Sure, I knew nothing about it till lately at all. I only heard that my dear Collen Eileen went to America, and that was no wonther, for I knew her cousin invited her, and that she intended to go, though I thought it strange my Colleen went without coming to see me first; but I said, may be she hadn’t time, for the ship was going in a hurry, and I expected to hear from her every day; but sarra the letter came, and it made me very uneasy. But now I see how the thing happened. I got a very bad faver, and when I was recovering fast, it seems another James O’Connor, a Protestant from —, came into the house, and took it. I was removed into the growing-well room. (I couldn’t spel

\* See Chapter X.

† A fact.

the right word for that room.) They put this poor man into my bedstead in the sick-room, and he died soon, and they buried him. The moment I was well, and when I heard my Collen was gone to America, I went off looking for work all the way to —, where they would n't know me: for I knew 'twas no use to go to Kilginnon, where the Priest's curse was agen the soupers. Thank God, I got plenty of work and good wages, from a Protestant gentleman that used to be encouraging the Scripture-readers teaching in Irish. At last, who should come into the work-along with me but a man, a poor Roman, that was in the workhouse after I left it. Such a *quare* thing, says he, you never heerd, as they told me there, that when a man of the name of James O'Connor was buried, a woman and a man came *kullagoning* to the churchyard, and was very bitter of the minister to say the prayers over her husband, as she said he was. But they found out afterwards that the James O'Connor that died had no wife at all, and they suspected 'twas a mistake about you; but they were n't sure of it, and they didn't know where you went. This man said he tould em if the raal husband went back to his wife, she'd think he rose from the dead. And so my poor Biddy thought. She fainted away at first; but I believe she thought such a thing might happen, on account of her grandmother; and now, though I explained the thing to her, she's *between two minds* which way it is. But, thank God, she is very fond of me entirely, and takes every care of me now, though she still goes to the Priest; and ever since the master sent the orders, she sends *my children* to the good school, and has no objection

to our family prayer morning and evening : and so I'm rejoiced and happy. And it was I that was happy to hear about dear Master and dear Mistress ; and may God bring 'em home safe to us. I wrote to my colleen Eileen, to tell her I was n't dead at all ; and 'tis she that will be glad to hear that, for they tell me her heart was braking about it. Indeed, 'tis n't unlikely she 'll set off from America to see her own dear daddy the minit she hears it. And, oh, dear Master and Mistress, if she comes we'll both a'most lose our lives with joy to meet 'ach other—like the dear children of God, when they'll meet in heaven. Oh, I hope I'll see my own colleen afore I die. And how glad she'll be to hear all about dear Master and dear Mistress. I told her all about it in my letter : that they now both loves God's Word, and are coming home soon to teach it in the schools. Sure, I never thought I'd live to see the day when the like would happen. Glory be to God, and to the blessed Saviour, for all his mercies ! No more at present from the worthy Master's and from the good Mistress's unworthy servant,

“JAMES O'CONNOR.”

Mrs. Rylan was deeply affected by this most unexpected letter, and so was her husband, though he could not forbear laughing at the poor Irishman's method of gravely assuring them that it was not a dead man was writing it. Mrs. Rylan entertained the warmest Christian affection for poor James and his daughter, not only for their genuine simplicity of character and worth, as well being her companions in tribulation, but as having been, under God, the instru-



ments of her conversion to the truth. They both united in thanksgiving with as much fervency as on the receipt of the welcome letter from the daughter. Mrs. Rylan had lately been reading about the second advent of the Saviour, in 1 Thess. iv. 13, &c., and in 2 Thess. i. 10, ii. 1, together with the soul-inspiring account of the Resurrection, in 1 Cor. xv., a glorious subject, which Popery, though it does not deny, never brings before her people as an incentive to heavenly-mindedness and comfort ; and poor James's simple fervency of joyful anticipation of the meeting between himself and his daughter, after his supposed death, which he compared to the resurrection of the saints, and their joyful recognition of one another, interested her greatly, and caused her to dwell with deep interest on a subject that bears in so touching a manner upon the bright destinies of suffering mortality. She said she hoped that, should Eileen come to Ireland, she should be able to manage so that these two dear souls should have their first meeting in her presence, to afford her an opportunity of enjoying one of the most lovely scenes of nature, in beholding their mutual joy and affection on meeting again.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE CONCLUSION.

"From mountain and from river, from green hill and from plain,  
Let's hasten to deliver the land from priestly chain ;  
Till ev'ry cot and dwelling, throughout our lovely isle,  
With heavenly anthems swelling, proclaims a Saviour's smile."

BEFORE leaving Dublin for Derny Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Rylan had several anxious consultations respecting the best plan to be followed as to poor Betsy Doherty, his widowed daughter, and her children. At length they decided on adopting the heavenly principle of "overcoming evil with good," and seeking to win her by kindness. They therefore wrote an affectionate letter to her, signed by them both, candidly telling her everything about her father's conversion, and also that of her sister and her husband, and about their own marriage; rather giving, as if defensively, the reasons that had induced these changes in religion, than making any attack on her for being still a Roman Catholic. They concluded by mentioning the day on which they intended to be at Derny Castle; informed her of their expecting to meet there her sister and husband, to whom they had also written a pressing invitation, warmly assuring her that nothing was wanting to complete the happiness of the occasion of

the family meeting but her presence there, and affectionately pressing her to come, with her two children, and make the Castle her home as long as she pleased.

Having despatched this letter, they set off for Derny Castle.

It may easily be imagined what were the feelings of these two converts from Popery on finding themselves in the same carriage with two of the class to whom they both had once been such abject slaves, a parish Priest and his curate, or coadjutor. They looked significantly at each other, and Mrs. Rylan whispered to her husband,—

“Let us avoid dry controversy, and try to say something that may be edifying and profitable, if opportunity offers.”

In a little time, seeing a funeral passing on a cross-road, Mr. Rylan pointed the attention of the elder Priest to it, with a remark on the frail mortality of man, and the necessity of our always trusting to the Saviour alone, and always keeping close to Him in our hearts, that we may be “always ready,” as our blessed Lord directs us.

“Oh ! yes,” said Mrs. Rylan, “and what a comfort it is to think that it is by the Saviour’s merits alone we are to be accepted as children of God, and that faith alone saves us, if it be a heartfelt faith in Jesus our Lord.”

This declaration instantly brought the antagonistic elements, that were before quiescent in the same carriage, into *effervescence*, not of an angry, but of a grave and serious kind.

“Madam,” said the elder Priest, “I think that is

one of the very worst doctrines of the Protestant religion: 'tis a shame for them to set aside good works as they do. According to what you have just stated, a man may live in all kinds of wickedness, and then go to heaven by faith."

Before either Mr. or Mrs. Rylan had time for a reply, the younger Priest took up the subject warmly, and commenced a regular running fire against a number of the doctrines of Protestantism, as if he had a cartouche-box of arguments ready at hand wherewith to meet and overpower any enemy that should appear within range.

"Keep him to justification by faith," whispered Mrs. Rylan to her husband. He took the hint, and said,—

"Oh! Sir, let us keep those other points till afterwards. We started with one of the most solemn and important questions that can engage the attention of poor, dying sinners like you and me, namely, how can such stand justified and accepted before God their judge?"

"Well, Sir," he replied, "on this I quite agree with Father ———. I think that the Protestant doctrine, that God has given his creatures a law which they cannot keep, is really abominable, and even blasphemous."

"I think, Sir," replied Mr. Rylan, "you have not stated the thing fairly; the Protestants mean only to say that, though angels (and man too before his fall) can keep the law of God, yet man, as a corrupt and fallen creature, cannot keep it so as to save his soul by

his good works, and that therefore he must be saved only by the mercy of God; or, in other words, by faith in the merits and blood of Christ."

Perceiving that Mr. Rylan had been handed an open pocket-Bible by his wife, with some passages in point, the young Priest grew rather violent in his tone of voice and manner, and repeated, very harshly, his charge of the blasphemy of the Protestants in denying our ability to keep the law of God. Mr. Rylan then gravely asked him:—

"Pray, Sir, will you pardon me for asking you one question? It is this—Do you think, and can you say from your heart, that *you* have yourself kept the law of God? I confess *I* have, alas, often broken it. Have you not done so too?"

The young Priest coloured and, subsiding into gravity, said—

"Well, Sir, I must own I have. But what is that to the purpose?"

"Oh, Sir, it is everything to the purpose. If you, and I, and all have actually broken God's law, is it not loss of time to be disputing about our ability to keep it? Why, Sir, the better able we are to keep it, as you maintain, the worse we are if we have not done so, as we both confess — the more need have we of that mercy which, I believe, every sinner who, trembling under guilt, trusts to Christ alone, receives. And now, Sir, in reference to your charging this doctrine with setting aside good works, permit me to ask you a question: 'What would be your last appeal to a number of human beings if, in your character of an

ambassador for Christ, you addressed them for the last time before going to give account for having done it faithfully ?”

“ Well, I would point out to them the excellence of all kinds of virtue and good works, and tell them to prepare themselves for heaven by the practice of all their duties to God and the Church.”

“ Ah, Sir,” replied Mr. Rylan, “ my opinion is, that your doctrine would suit angels, but not poor, fallen human beings. Let us suppose a case:—There are a number of poor fellows under sentence of death for high treason—a messenger comes, as from the Sovereign—they gather round him, anxious to know whether he has any tidings of relief *suited to their case*—he commences an eloquent exhortation on the loveliness and advantages of good conduct and loyalty—now, Sir, what would be their reply? Would it not be this—‘ Sir, you have no business here; go outside amongst those who never broke the laws as *we* have done, and preach your fine lectures to them.’ But there comes another messenger, really sent by the Sovereign. He addresses them and says, ‘ Come, my poor fellows, I have good news for you. The son of the Sovereign, in his pity for you, has paid many thousands of pounds into the public treasury to purchase your forgiveness, lest your rebellion and treason should be made light of if pardoned without so costly a payment. There is only one condition required—that, acknowledging the justice of your sentence, you shall give *the Prince* the whole credit of your deliverance. He hopes thus to win you back to loyalty and love to your Sovereign.’ ”

"Ah, Sir," said Mr. Rylan, with much warm energy, "I venture to say this would come home to the hearts of all such among these poor fellows as felt their real position and awful circumstances. Such, in my view, is the Gospel proclamation—the 'faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' And I would say, it is thus our gracious God and Saviour seeks to win us back to loyalty and love—or, as the apostle here expresses it, 'He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves but unto Him who died for them and rose again.' (2 Cor. v. 15.)"

To this the Priests seemed ashamed to make any reply, but got out at the place whither they were going just at its conclusion. A gentleman, however, who also stopped with them, at parting took Mr. Rylan warmly by the hand, saying,—

"Dear Sir, I am a Roman Catholic, and perhaps differ from you in many things; but I own I never heard anything more interesting or attractive than what you have just now stated."\*

After the departure of the Priests, a discussion arose between Mr. Rylan and a fellow-traveller as to the causes of Ireland's degradation. Mr. Rylan maintained that it was owing to the same cause which produced similar effects in all countries where *liberty of conscience* is denied to the people; and he said he did not wonder at a special blight being on all such countries, inasmuch as 'liberty of conscience' is in the

\* All the foregoing, as to the interview with the Priests, occurred in fact as stated.

*very first step* absolutely necessary to enable men to act as accountable beings, and to do homage to their Maker by seeking and finding his truth and his will amidst all the error that is in the world ; according to what the apostle says, ‘ He hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth . . . . . *that they should seek the Lord, if haply they should feel after Him and find Him*, though He be not far from every one of us, for in Him we live, and move, and have our being.’ (Acts xvii. 26—28.)

That, therefore, denial of ‘ liberty of conscience ’ is the highest outrage on the Almighty, as being actually an attempt to put his creature man out of the pale of his accountableness to God, and having practically that effect. He maintained that this national blight had attracted the attention of most competent and impartial judges, and quoted the following testimonies from the works of the Earl of Carlisle and Mr. Macaulay, which he had with him. Mr. Macaulay says:—

“ During the last three-centuries to stunt the growth of the human mind has been her (the Church of Rome’s) chief object. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her, and has everywhere been in the inverse proportion to her power. The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe have under her rule been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor ; while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned by skill and industry into gardens. . . . The descent of Spain, once the first among monarchies, to



the lowest depths of degradation, the elevation of Holland, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position such as no commonwealth so small has ever reached, teach the same lesson. Whoever passes in Germany from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant principality; in Switzerland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant canton; in Ireland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant county, finds that he has passed from a lower to a higher grade of civilization. On the other side of the Atlantic the same law prevails. The Protestants of the United States have left far behind them the Roman Catholics of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil. The Roman Catholics of Mexico remain inert, while the whole continent round them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and enterprise. The French have, doubtless, shown an energy and intelligence which, even when misdirected, have justly entitled them to be called a great people. But this apparent exception, when examined, will be found to confirm the rule; for in no country that is called Roman Catholic has the Roman Catholic Church, during several generations, possessed so little authority as in France." \*

He also quoted the following from a work of the Earl of Carlisle:—

"The scenery along the Elbe continues to be pretty, but the transition from Saxony to Bohemia, with regard to the aspect of the people, of their dwellings, and of their agriculture, rather *resembles the change from English to Irish landscape*—not that Saxony is so well dressed as England, or Bohemia so ill dressed as Ireland. How are we to distribute the causes of

\* See Macaulay's "History of England," Vol. i., pp. 47, 48.

this difference? What to Government, what to creed? I think I may take credit to myself for wishing to look at all things with an unbigoted eye; but then it seems to me *that as soon as you come to the crucifix on the high knolls and in the little grove, often most picturesque in effect, the appearance of comfort and well-being among the people is on the wane.*"\*

On their arrival at Derry Castle, late in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Rylan were delighted beyond measure at meeting, as the first that ran to greet them at the door, their poor daughter Betsy, with her two lovely children, each by a hand. She rapidly embraced each in succession, and then throwing her arms round her father's neck, she burst into tears, and was only capable of uttering the words—"Beloved father, you have forgiven your poor child, and I trust my Heavenly Father has forgiven me too, for I am now a believer in Jesus—I am a Protestant."†

The father and mother were unable for some moments to utter a word for the unexpected joy of this announcement, and to complete the scene, her sister Mary and her husband came up at the instant, and all were locked in each other's arms in a warmth of affection corresponding with the novel and peculiar circumstances under which they now met,—which the children fully carried out in their own way among themselves. Turning to greet the admiring group of servants, who stood respectfully in the back ground, Mrs. Rylan discovered poor James O'Connor behind

\* See "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters." By the Earl of Carlisle. pp. 11, 12.

† A fact.

them all, striving to get a peep at his loved benefactress and new master. She pointed him out to her husband who, giving a kind look and word to each, of the others as he passed them, especially to poor John Dempsy, whose humbled and frightened looks showed he feared a rebuff, and whose countenance now brightened up under his master's and mistress's smile; he proceeded to bring poor James out of his nook to Mrs. Rylan, thus producing an affecting scene of honest and unaffected joy and feeling, such as can be far better imagined than described. Mrs. Rylan did not forget to inquire about his daughter Eileen, and was hastily informed that he had just got a most pleasing letter from her, which he would take the liberty to bring to his dear mistress to-morrow.

Having fully paid their debt of kindness in conferring happiness even on the humblest of their domestics, by a word and a look for each, Mr. and Mrs. Rylan hastily returned to poor Betay, whose chastened and weeping, but yet joyful countenance, seemed to say,—“Dear father, let me tell you something more about it,”—they took her by the hand, and placing her between them on a sofa, asked her how she came to be a Protestant.

Her tale was short and simple; she said,—“When, after refusing so ungratefully your kind offer, my beloved father, I proceeded to the distant town of ———, I took a lodging in a house there. A Protestant family happened to occupy the apartments next mine. I one day went into the china closet which united the two rooms by a thin partition, and I heard words which I discovered to be those of persons

engaged in prayer, whom I knew to be the Protestant lodgers. Curiosity induced me to listen, and I expected to hear imprecations on the Virgin and on Roman Catholics. But no such sound reached my ears. I thought the prayer so good, that I determined to go again to the closet in the evening. I heard Scripture read, and earnest prayer offered up in the name of the Lord Jesus ; and so deeply interested was I, that I went every morning and evening to listen. At length my heart got so touched by the subject, that I could not forbear kneeling down in my hiding-place, and earnestly joining in, and, I may say, greatly enjoying the prayer, unknown to my new brethren in the Spirit ; and thus wonderfully, and as it were in spite of myself, has it, I trust, pleased God to convert my heart. Till your welcome letter arrived, I did not know of *your* happy change, and then I longed for the opportunity of doing, what I first trembled at the thought of doing,—to tell you of what God has done for my soul, and the change He has, I humbly trust, wrought in me by his blessed Spirit.\*\*

---

And now, dear Reader, although you and I have not yet found so singularly interesting a locality as that on the banks of the Ohio, at which we took leave of Tom Sheehan and his wife, and Christian friends, enjoying the gifts of God in innocent, social affection, and cheerful temperance,—like the first disciples of Jesus, “eating their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the

\* A fact.

people,"\*—I trust, we have at least found *the means* God has provided for helping forward so glorious, so happy, so blessed a work, not only for poor, benighted Ireland, but for any nation under heaven. We have found a family now "of one heart and one soul" in this glorious work, and determined, *in their place and sphere of influence*, to "hold forth the word of life," to guide the feet of their wandering fellow-sinners "into the way of peace,"—into that "godliness which has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

The letter from Eileen to her father has been read. It contains an account of her happy union with a young Irish farmer, who had long before become a convert, with many others, in that land of freedom from priestly thralldom,—of her determination, on hearing that her father is still alive, to come immediately to Ireland to see him, in which her husband, who could not bear to be so long parted, gladly joins. This happy meeting between James and Eileen has taken place in presence of those who longed to witness it, as a lively emblem of the mutual recognition of the saints at the resurrection. Mr. and Mrs. Rylan have persuaded Eileen's husband to dispose of his American farm, and accept one upon Mr. Rylan's property; and poor James O'Connor has been appointed gatekeeper at one of the lodges, with light duties suited to his age and infirmities, where he acts spontaneously as Scripture-reader, not "hiding his candle under a bushel, but causing all who enter in to see the light."

These truly Christian possessors of an important

\* *Acts* ii. 46, 47, iv. 32. See "Poor Paddy's Cabin," pp. 224 and 225, 4th edition.

talent, are faithfully using it for the glory of God and the benefit of all around them,—in family prayers for servants and all,—in establishing, visiting, and teaching in Sunday and day-schools, and in promoting schools of industry,—in distributing Bibles and tracts, and in visiting and reading for the sick,—in a word, in forwarding in every way upon their property the glorious work of the *Irish Society*, the *Society for Irish Church Missions*, the *Church Education Society*, and every other good work for the regeneration of poor, benighted Ireland. This they are doing, not smoothly, or easily, but under every hindrance which Papal despotism, while it has a remnant of life left, will not fail to interpose. As in the days of the apostles, “a great door and effectual is opened, and there are many adversaries.” \*

Here, then, let us take leave of them, praying that God will speed and bless all who are similarly engaged for Ireland’s best interests ; yea, let us determine to help them by our prayers, and by any means of success God enables us to render. And, finally, let us hope that the results will furnish to some future writer another and new “picture of Erin and her children,” showing, as has been the aim of the author, the truth of his Scriptural motto, with some addition,—“A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation. God setteth the solitary in families, He bringeth out those that are bound with chains, but *the rebellious dwell in a dry land.*” (Psalm lxviii. 5, 6.)

\* 1 Cor. xvi. 9.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,  
Fourth Edition, with Additional Facts and Anecdotes,  
In limp cloth, 1s. 6d., or in cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.,

## POOR PADDY'S CABIN:

A TRUE REPRESENTATION OF FACTS AND CHARACTERS.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

---

*From the Standard.*

"We could desire nothing better for the British Empire, and indeed for the interests of mankind everywhere, than that 'Poor Paddy's Cabin' may have a circulation as extensive as Mrs. Stowe's beautiful narrative. It would do more good within the British Islands, if found in every hand, than even 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' has done for the cause of Negro Emancipation in the New World!"

*From the Morning Herald.*

"This interesting little work has been undertaken with the view of forwarding the good work now in progress in Ireland, and of increasing the number of its friends and supporters in England. With such views we have little doubt that, independently of the literary merits of the tale itself, the book will obtain a wide circulation among all those interested in the social, intellectual, and religious enlightenment of Ireland."

*From the St. James's Chronicle.*

... "The book gives a *real-life* view of the nature and progress of the Reformation in Ireland: ... whilst as a narrative of domestic incidents, it cannot fail to arouse the sympathies of the most careless literary idler. The general circulation of the book must be blessed with good fruits."

*From the Scottish Guardian.*

"We have peculiar pleasure in introducing this book to our readers. . . . Few religious writers give us such lively and piquant specimens of the conversational style of the peasantry as we find in its pages. Whilst the writer attracts our attention and enchains our sympathies, he instructs our minds. His book is fitted to be of great practical utility. We wish its wide circulation."

*From the Baptist Magazine.*

"The illustrations of the Hibernian character, and of the bondage of all classes to the Priesthood, are just and impressive."

**Just Published by**  
**WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,**  
24, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

---

**Blots on the Escutcheon of Rome. A Brief History of the Chief Papal Persecutions. Edited by Miss CHRISTMAS, Author of "Glendearg Cottage," &c. With an Introduction, by the Rev. HUGH STOWELL, M.A., Hon. Canon of Chester, &c. 7s. 6d. cloth.**

**The Talk of the Road: showing how Irish People Talk about Irish Doings, when they get a quiet place at the back of a ditch, or under a hedge. 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.; or cloth, gilt edges, 2s.**

**Ireland, as it Was, as it Is, and as-(by the grace of God) it Will Be. Green cloth, lettered, 1s.**

**Bridget Sullivan; or, the Cup without a Handle. 18mo., price 6d.**

**CONTENTS:—**Chapter I., which says very little about Bridget, but shows what sort of a place she lived in. Chapter II., which shows how an old cup was the means of getting Bridget a new friend. Chapter III., in which the strange gentleman again appears. Chapter IV., in which Johnny Ryan tries to persuade Bridget not to say any more prayers to the Virgin Mary. Chapter V. Bridget finds out a way of learning to read. Chapter VI. Bridget finds it much more difficult to do right than she thought it would be.

**Maude Bolingbroke. A Roman Catholic Story. By EMMA JANE, Author of "Alice Cuninghame," &c., &c. Cloth lettered, 5s.**

**\*.\* This narrative elucidates in a striking manner the corrupt doctrine and practice of the Church of Rome, and is written in a very pleasing manner.**

**The True Protestant's Manual; or, Brief Answers to the Principal Questions of the Romish Controversy. By CESAR MALAN, D.D. 8d.**

**Protestant Lays from Many Lyres. Collected by a LADY. Containing Thirty-one different Pieces on various Protestant Subjects. Cloth, gilt edges, 1s.**



## 2 WORKS PUBLISHED BY WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH.

The Papacy Briefly Considered, as to its Character, Encouragements, and Influence. By the Rev. C. DAY, Vicar of Mucking. 6*d.*, 5*s.* per dozen.

The Papal Moloch ; or, the Human Sacrifices of the Inquisition. From authentic Sources. With an Engraving. 6*d.*

Protestant Memorials : Poems, by the Rev. E. W. CULSHA, Burton-on-Trent. Second Edition, 2*d.*

---

The Memoirs of the Rev. Charles Jerram, M.A., late Rector of Witney, Oxfordshire. Comprising notices and reminiscences of his contemporaries—Newton, Cecil, Venn, Simeon, Robinson of Leicester, and others. Edited by the Rev. JAMES JERRAM, Rector of Fleet, Lincolnshire. In One Volume, crown 8*vo.*, with Portrait on Steel, price 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Living Epistle ; or, Some Passages from the Life of Mrs. Joseph Tanner. Addressed to the Suffering Children of God. With Preface by the Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH, Rector of Hinton Martell. In small 8*vo.*, with Portrait on Steel, price 2*s.* cloth.

“I cannot but believe that it will prove, with God’s blessing, a channel of reviving grace and consolation to many a sufferer.”—*Preface.*

The Old Missionary Box, and its Owners. By HARRIET D’OYLEY HOWE. Author of “Forty-eight Missionary Stories,” “Clara Eversham,” &c., &c. In 18*mo.* cloth, with Engravings, price 1*s.*

The Life of Moses ; with the Leading Incidents of Israel’s Journey. Intended for Youth. By the Rev. JOHN ELLISON, Curate of Wellingborough. Author of “Sermons for Children,” &c., &c. In 18*mo.*, price 1*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

Gathered Fragments. By the Author of “Caring for Souls.” In foolscap 8*vo.*, price 2*s.* cloth.

A Peep into the Family of Mrs. Delmar ; or, A Book for Me and my Children on National and Important Subjects. 5*s.*

---

WERTHEIM and MACINTOSH, 24, Paternoster-row, London.  
*And of all Booksellers.*







